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Englishmen for my money, or A woman will



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Englishmen for my Money  
OR  
A Woman will have her Will  
BY  
WILLIAM HAUGHTON.  
1616

*Date of the first known edition, . . . . . 1616.*

*(British Museum C 34. c. 30.)*

*Other editions were issued in 1626 and 1631.*

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

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*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXI

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# Englishmen for my Money

OR

## A Woman will have her Will

BY

WILLIAM HAUGHTON

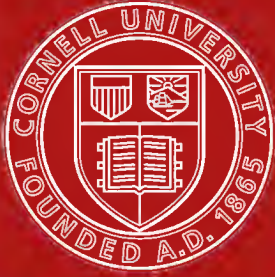
1616.

*There are copies of the original edition of this play in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries.*

*It was entered in "Henslowe's Diary" (Feb. 1597-8) and licensed (in 1601) under the secondary title: the first and second editions, however, bear the full description, and only in the third impression occurs any curtailment. From Henslowe it appears that William Haughton was the author.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy says "the reproduction is quite excellent . . . I have nothing but praise to express."*

JOHN S. FARMER.



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ENGLISH-MEN

For my Money:

OR,

A pleasant Comedy,  
called,

A Woman will have her Will.



Imprinted at London by W. White,  
dwelling in Cow-lane. 1616.

# The Actors names.

*Pisaro*, a Portingale.

*Laurentia*,  
*Marina*, } *Pisaros* Daughters.  
*Mathea*, }

*Anthony*, a Schoolemaister to them.

*Harvie*,  
*Ferdinand*, or *Heigham*, } Suters to *Pisaros* Daughters.  
*Ned*, or *Walgrane*, }

*Delion*, a Frenchman,  
*Aluaro*, an Italian, } Suters also to the 3. daughters,  
*Vandalle*, a Dutchman, }

*Frisco* a Clowne, *Pisaros* man.

*M. Moore*.

*Towerson* a Marchant.

*Balsaro*.

*Browne* a Clothier

*A Post*.

*A Belman*.









## Enter FISARO.

*Pisaro.*

**H**ow smugge this gray-eyde Morning seemes to bee,  
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure haue I  
To thinke vpon this moystning Southwest Winde,  
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*;  
But come what will; no Winde can come amisse,  
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,  
And blowes about this ayerie Region;  
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:  
Whose wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:  
Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:  
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,  
Who driuen by Westerne winds on *English* shore,  
Heere liking of the soyle, I married,  
And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death  
Long since, depriude mee of her dearest life:  
Since whose discease, in *London* I haue dwelt:  
And by the sweete loude trade of *Usurie*,  
Letting for Interest, and on Morgages,  
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen  
By my extortion comes to miserie:  
Amongst the rest, three *English* Gentlemen,  
Haue pawnde to mee their Liuing and their Lands:  
Each seuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,  
By mariage of my Daughters, to possesse  
Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:  
But Gold is sweete, and they deceiue them-selues;  
For though I guild my Temples with a smile,  
It is but *Indas*-like, to worke their endes.

A. 2.

Bua

*English-men for my money: or,*  
But soft, What noyse of footing doe I heare?

*Enter Laurencia, Marina, Mathen, and Anthony.*

*Lawr.* Now Maister, what intend you to read to vs?

*Anth.* *Pisaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Phi-*

*Mari.* What's that?

*Anth.* First tell mee how you like it?

*(osophy.*

*Math.* First tell vs what it is.

*Pisa.* They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maister,

*Pisaro*, not a word, but list their talke.

*Anth.* Gentlewomen, to paint *Philosophy*,  
Is to present youth with so sowre a dish,  
As their abhorring stomackes nill digestes.  
When first my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)  
Fostred mee puple-like, with her rich store,  
My study was to read *Philosophy*:  
But since, my head-strong youths vnbridled will,  
Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,  
Hath prunde my feathers to a higher pitch.  
Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kind of art,  
The most contrary to your tender sexes;  
It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,  
Where Beawtie in her rarest glory shines,  
Plants the sad semblance of decayed age:  
Those Weedes that with their riches should adorne,  
And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,  
Must be conuerted to a blacke fac'd vayne,  
Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes semblance:  
Your food must be your hearts abundant sighes,  
Steep'd in the brinish licquor of your teares:  
Day-light as darke-night, darke-night spent in prayer:  
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,  
The recreation of your tired spirits:  
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modestie,  
Then will I read to you *Philosophy*.

*Lawr*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Laur.* Not I.

*Mari.* Fic vpon it.

*Math.* Hang vp *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.

*Pisar.* A Tutor said I; a Tutor for the Diuell.

*Anth.* No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd  
To read a Lector of more pleasing worth.

*Marina*, read these lines, young *Harrie* sent them,

There euery line repugnes *Philosophy*:

Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

*Laurentia*, this is thine from *Ferdinando*:

Thinke euery golden circle that thou see'st,

The rich vnuallued circle of his worthe.

*Mathea*, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee;

As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,

And Wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,

Presents his seruiceable true harts zeale,

Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:

What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father;

Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;

And be that thought, their true loues aduocate.

Say you should wed for Wealth; for to that scope

Your Fathers greedy disposition tendes,

The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,

And so faire Beauties honour quite distinct:

A masse of Wealth being powrd vpon another,

Little augments the shew, although the summe;

But beeing lightly scattred by it selfe,

It doubles what it seem'd, although but one:

Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,

His stile was as it was, a Rich man still:

But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie:

You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beautie:

I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-

That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (send,

And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy sendes,

*English-men for my money: or,*

As comfortable tidings for my friends.

(procure,

*Mari.* Haue done, haue done; what need'st thou more  
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure :

Thy euer louing *Haruie* I delight it :

*Marina* euer louing shall requite it young.

Teach vs *Philosophy* ? Ile be no *Nunne*;

Age scornes Delight, I loue it being :

There's not a word of this, not a words part,

But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart;

On this Ile read, on this my senses ply:

All Arts being vaine, but this *Philosophy*.

*Laur.* Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?

And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?

The chastest Soule these Angels could intice?

Much more himselfe, an Angell of more price :

were't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,

Such vface thou shouldst haue, as I gine this.

*Anth.* Then you would kisse him?

*Laur.* If I did, how then?

*Anth.* Nay I say nothing to it, but *Amen*.

*Pisa.* The Clarke must haue his fees; Ile pay you them.

*Math.* Good God, how abiect is this single life,

Ile not abide it; Father, Friends, nor Kin,

Shall once dissuade me from affecting :

A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one :

Yfayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;

Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or storme their fill,

*Mathea* is resolu'd to haue her will.

*Pisa.* I can no longer hold my patience.

Impudent villanie, and laciuous Girles,

I haue ore-heard your vild conuersions :

You scorne *Philosophy* : You'le be no *Nunne*,

You must needs kisse the Purse, because he sent it.

And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,

A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,

Youle haue your will forsooth; What will you haue?

*Math.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Math.* But twelue yeare old? *Nay* Father that's not so,  
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

*Pisa.* I say but twelue: you'r best tell mee I lye.

What sirra *Anthony.*

*Anth.* Heere sir.

*Pisa.* Come here sir, & you light huswiues get you in:  
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*

*Nay* sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:

Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,  
Gau thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,  
And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,  
Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord,  
Vnthrifts, Beggars; what is worse,  
And all because they are your Country-men?

*Anth.* Why sir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants  
Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that  
word Accounte.

*Pisa.* A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.

Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

*Enter Frisco, the Clowne.*

*Frisco.* Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to  
liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature,  
and neuer be idle. Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse  
standes now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hasti-  
nesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke  
with child euen with the sight of them; and for a Vapour,  
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come nere them  
with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and  
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheefe  
toasted at the fire.

*Pisa.* Well sirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,  
Giue diligence, inquire about

For one that is expert in Languages,

A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borne;

And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,

Ile nere trust more a smooth-fac'd *English-man.*

*Frisco.* What, must I bring one that can speake *Langua-*  
ges,

*English-men for my money: or,*

ges? what an old Assc is my Maister, why he may speake  
*flaunte taunte* as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderstand him.

*Pisa.* If he speake *French*, thus he will say, *Awee awee*:  
What, canst thou remember it?

*Frisco.* Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great  
Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that  
Pigges and *French-men*, speake one Language, *awee awee*; I  
am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

*Pisa.* *Dutch.* *Frisco.* Let's heare it?

*Pisa.* *Haunce butterkin slompin.*

*Frisco.* Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect *Dutch*  
when I list.

*Pisa.* Can you, I pray let's heare some?

*Frisco.* Nay I must haue my mouth full of Meate first,  
and then you shall heare me grumble it foorth full mouth,  
as *Haunce Butterkin slompin frokin*: No, I am a simple *Dutch-*  
*man*: Well, Ile about it.

*Pisa.* Stay sirra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake  
one Language more.

*Frisco.* More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues  
enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

*Pisa.* *Italian.*

*Frisco.* Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether  
he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

*Pisa.* Can you so, as how?

*Frisco.* Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye,  
Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance.  
Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in seeking this *French-*  
*man*: But doe you heare mee Maister, what shall my fel-  
low *Anthony* doe, it seemes he shall serue for nothing but to  
put *Latin* into my young Mistresses. *Exit Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Hence asse, hence loggerhead, begon I say.

And now to you that reades *Philosophy*,  
Packe from my house, I doe discharge thy seruice,  
And come not neere my dores; for if thou dost,  
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

*Huthe.*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Antho.* Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,  
It may be, I may liue to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.*

*Pisa.* Ah sirra, this tricke was spide in time,  
For if but two such Lectures more they'd heard,  
For euer had their honest names been marde:  
He in and rate them: yet that's not best,  
The Girles are wilfull, and seueritie  
May make them carelesse, mad, or desperate.  
What shall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,  
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,  
All Strangers, and my very speciall friends,  
The one of them is an *Italian*:  
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:  
These three intyrelly doe affect my Daughters,  
And therefore meane I, they shall haue the tongues,  
That they may answer in their severall Language:  
But what helpes that? they must not stay so long,  
For whiles they are a learning Languages,  
My English Youths, both wed; and bed them too:  
Which to preuent, He seeke the Strangers out,  
Let's looke: tis past aleauen, Exchange time full,  
There shall I meete them, and conferre with them,  
This worke craues hast, my Daughters must be Wedde,  
For one Months stay, sayth farrewell Maiden head.

*Exit.*

*Enter Harrie, Heigham,  
and Walgrane.*

*Heigh.* Come Gentlemen, w're almost at the house,  
I promise you this walke ore Tower-hill,  
Of all the places London can afforde,  
Hath sweetest Ayre, and sitting our desires.

*Harri.* Good reason, so it leades to Croched-Fryers,  
Where old *Pisaro*, and his Daughters dwell,  
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell:  
They say Hell standes below, downe in the deepe,

B.

He

*English-men for my money: or,*

He downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,  
But sirra Ned, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?

Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

*Walg.* A match say you? a mischief twill as soone:

Should I can scarce begin to speake to her,

But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,

Able to shadow *Powles*, it is so great.

Well, tis no matter, sirrs, this is his House,

Knocke for the Churle, bid him bring out his Daughter;

He, sbloud I will, though I be hanged for it,

*Heigh.* Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,

Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,

And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:

You are too hastie; *Pisaro* is a man,

Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.

But who comes heere?

*Enter Anthony.*

*Walg.* Whom, *Anthony* our friend?

Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?

Can she loue Ned? how doth she like my sute?

Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;

For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,

Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,

Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:

He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't!

*Haru.* Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,

And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,

Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:

Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

*Antho.* The newes for me is badd; and this it is:

*Pisaro* hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

*Heigh.* Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

*Anth.* Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

*Haru.* Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

*Anthe.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Antho.* I, but I left out mediocritie,  
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues.

*Wal.* The fault was small, we three will to thy Mialster  
And beggethy pardon.

*Antho.* Oh, that cannot be,  
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me;  
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,  
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:  
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,  
His Daughters to your loues affected be:  
Their father is abroad, they three at home,  
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:  
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,  
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

*Heigh.* Build on our helps, and but deuise the meanes.

*Antho.* *Pisaro* did commaund *Frisco* his man,  
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)  
To inquire about in *London* for a man,  
That were a *French-man* and Musitian;  
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:  
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,  
He will inquire of you of his affayres;  
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,  
And in the middle walke, one you espyde,  
Fit for his purpose, then discribe this Cloake;  
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,  
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:  
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift:  
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,  
Least beeing disferide: Gentlemen adue,  
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

*Enter Frisco the Clowne.*

*Wal.* How now sirra, whither are you going?

*Fris.* Whither am I going, how shall I tell you, when I  
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe.

B.2.

*Heigh.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Heigh.* What dost thou meane by that?

*Frisco.* Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monster in the liknesse of a Man: one that in stead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous signieur?* one that neuer washes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kisses; a clipper of the Kings English: and to conclude, an eternall enemy to all good Language.

*Harn.* What's this? what's this?

*Fris.* Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not always dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man*, *Bussimon cue*, how doe you?

*Harn.* I thanke you sir, but tell me what wouldest thou doe with a *French-man*:

*Fris.* Nay sayth, I would doe nothing with him, vnlesse I set him to teach Parrets to speake: marry the old Asse my Maister, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudest *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde such a man?

*Heigh.* We will, goe hie thee straight to *Pauls*, There shalt thou finde one fitting thy desire; Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke, Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace, Thou canst not misse him *Frisco*.

*Fris.* Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Phrisco* reward your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewesday, for then change I my Coppy, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fish; yet Ile doe somewhat for you in the meane time: my Maister is abroad, and my young Mistresses at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs: I must to the Walke in *Pauls*, you  
to



*A Woman will haue her will.*

to the Vestrie. Gentlemen, as to my selfe, and so forth.

*Exit Frisco,*

*Haru.* Fooles tell the truth men say, and so may he:  
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be.  
*Ned,* knocke at the doore: but soft forbear;

*Enter Lawrentia, Marina, and Mathea.*

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.  
To this I fly, shine bright my liues sole stay,  
And make griefes' night a glorious summers day.

*Mari.* Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,  
Guesse by our lookes, for other meanes by feare  
Preuented is: our fathers quicke returne  
Forbids the welcome, else we would haue done.

*Walg. Mathea,* How these saythfull thoughts obey,

*Mat.* No more sweet loue, I know what thou would'st  
You say you loue me, so I wish you still, (say:  
Loue hath loues hier, being ballancst with good will:  
But say, come you to vs, or come you rather  
To pawne more Lands for mony to our father?  
I know tis so, a Gods name spend at large:  
What man? our mariage day will all discharge;  
Our father (by his leaue) must pardon vs,  
Age saue of age, of nothing can discusse:  
But in our loues, the prouerbe weele fulfill:  
Women and Maydes, must alwayes haue their will.

*Heigh.* Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarse;

*Law.* Your selfe & your good news doth more enforce:  
How these haue set forth loue by all their witte,  
I sweare in heart, I more then double it.  
Sisters be glad, for he hath made it playne,  
The meanes to get our Schoole-maister againe:  
But Gentlemen, for this time cease our loues,  
This open streete perhaps suspition moues,  
Fayne we would stay, bid you walke in more rather,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

grande ioye you giue me (conte) mee sal go home to your  
Houſe, ſal eat your Bakon, ſal eat your Beeſe, and ſhal  
tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyſella.

*Piſa.* You ſhall, and welcome; welcome as my ſoule:  
But were my third Sonne ſweete *Aluaro* heere,  
Wee would not ſtay at the Exchange to day,  
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

*Enter Moore, and Towerſon.*

*Moore.* Good day maiſter *Piſaro*.

*Piſa.* Maiſter *Moore*, marry with all my heart good  
morrow ſir; What newes? What newes?

*Moore.* This Marchant heere my friend, would ſpeake  
with you.

*Tower.* Sir, this iolly South-weſt wind with gentle blaſt,  
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,  
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,  
And but a day is paſt ſince they ariude  
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

*Piſa.* Thankes is too ſmall a guerdon for ſuch newes.  
How like you this Newes friends? Maiſter *Vandalle*,  
Heer's ſomewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:  
Heer's ſomewhat more then we did yet expect.

*Tower.* But heare you ſir, my buſineſſe is not done;  
From theſe ſame Shippes I did receiue theſe lines,  
And there incloſe this ſame Bill of exchange,  
To pay at ſight, if ſo you pleaſe accept it.

*Piſa.* Accept it, why? What ſir ſhould I accept,  
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?  
Where is this lazie villaine, this ſlow Poaſt;  
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,  
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?  
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit;  
And if you doe, aſſure you I ſhall ſmell it:

I know my Factors writing well enough.

*Tower.* You doe ſir; then ſee your Factors writing:

*English-men for my money: or,*

I scorn as much as you, to counterfeit,

*Pisa.* Tis well you doe sir.

*Enter Harrie, Walgrau, and Heighm.*

What Maister *Walgrau*, and my other frindes:

You are growne strangers to *Pisaro's* house,

I pray make bold with me.

*Walgr.* I, with your Daughters

You may be sworne, wee be as bold as may be.

*Pisa.* Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speak.

*Heigh.* Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sute,

By the repaying we haue had to you:

Gentlemen you know, must want no Coyne,

Nor are they slaues vnto it, when they haue:

You may perceiue our minds; What say you to't?

*Pisa.* Gentlemen all, I loue you all:

Which more to manifest, this after noone

Betweene the howers of two and three repaire to mee;

And were it halfe the substance that I haue,

Whilst it is mine, tis yours to commaunde:

But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,

So doe I wish you'll haue respect to mee:

You know that all of vs are mortall men,

Subiect to change and mutabilitie;

You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,

Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses:

Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,

That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew

*Heigh.* M. *Pisaro*, within this two months without faile,

We will repay.

*Enter Browne.*

*Browne.* God saue you Gentlemen.

Gentlemen. Good morrow sir.

*Pisa.* What M. *Browne*, the onely man I wisht for,

Does your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

For





*A Woman will haue her will.*

For I would ship them straight away for *Stoade* :  
I doe with you my Mony fore another.

*Brow.* Fayth you know my price sir, if you haue them.

*Pisa.* You are to deare in sadnesse, maister *Heigham* :  
You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede.

*Heigh.* Then this it was : those Landes that are not  
morgag'd

*Enter Post.*

*Post.* God blesse your worship.

*Pisaro.* I must craue pardon ; Oh sirra, are you come ?

*Wal.* Hoyda, hoyda ; Whats the matter now ;  
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about :

*Harn.* Whats hee, sweete youths ; that so they flocke,  
What old *Pisaro* tainted with this madnesse ?

*Heigh.* Vpon my life, tis some body brings newes ;  
The Courte breakes vp, and wee shall know their Coun-  
Looke, looke, how busely they fall to reading. (sell :

*Pisa.* I am the last, you should haue kept it still :  
Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you ;  
Our duty premised, and we haue sent vnto your worship  
Sacke, fluill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery sugar, and such other  
commodities as we thought most requisite, we wanted  
mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maister  
*Towersons* man, which by a bill of Exchange sent to him,  
we would request your worship pay accordingly.

You shall commaund sir, you shall commaunde sir,  
The newes here is, that the English shipes, the *Fortune*,  
your shipe, the aduenture and good lucke of London coa-  
sting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were set vpon by to  
*Spanish-galleis*, what became of them we know not, but  
doubt much by reason of the weathers calmnesse.

*Pisa.* How st fix to one the weather calme,  
Now afore God who would not doubt their safety,  
A plague vpon these *Spanish-galli* Pirattes,

C.

Roring

*English-men for my money: cr.*

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuouring *Scilla*,  
Were halfe such terrour to the anticke world,  
As these same anticke Villaines now of late,  
Haue made the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.

*Tower* Now sir, what doth your Factors letters say?

*Pisa*. Marrie he saith, these witlesse lucklesse doults,  
Haue met, and are beset with *Spanish Gallies*,  
As they did saile along by *Italy*:  
What a bots made the dolts neere *Italy*,  
Could they not keepe the coast of *Barbary*,  
Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*,  
Beeing on the other side of *Sicily*,

As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:

For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,  
Lie from the *Straights* some twentie five degrees;  
And each degree makes three-score english miles?

*Tower*. Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill  
of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

*Pisa*. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling tounge,  
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,  
That sees the world turnd topsie turuie with me;  
Yet hath not so much witte to stay a while,  
Till I demone my late excessiue losse.

*Wal*. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer:  
Harke you a word sir.

*Pisa*. I tell you sir, it would haue made you whine  
Worse then if schooles of lucklesse croking Rauens,  
Had ceasd on you to feed their famisht paunches:  
Had you heard newes of such a rauinous rout,  
Ready to cease on halfe the wealth you haue.

*Wal*. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd,  
What a pox care I.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post*. God saue your worship, a littlemony and so forth.

*Pisa*. But men are sencelesse now of others woe,  
This stony age is growne so stony harted,  
That none respects their neighbours miseries,







*A Woman will haue her will.*

I, with (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times  
The long out worne world weare in vse againe,  
That men might sayle without impediment.

*Post.* I marry sir that were a merry world indeede, I  
would hope to gette more mony of your worship in one  
quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-  
moneth.

*Enter Balsaro.*

*Balsa.* Maister *Pisaro* how I haue runne about,  
How I haue toyled to day to finde you out,  
At home, abroade, at this mans house, at that,  
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,  
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

*Pisa.* Fayth sir I was here but was driuen home,  
Heres such a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,  
That what for feare to haue m'apparell spoild,  
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes stricke out :  
Idare not walke where people doe expect mee:  
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,  
And such Coyne to, which is bestowde on Knaues,  
Which should, but doe not see things be reformed;  
Might be imployde to many better vses :  
But what of beardlesse Boyes, or such like trash;  
The *Spanish Gallies* : Oh, a vengeance on them.

*Post.* Masse, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can  
scarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance  
on, and that a vengeance on't, doth so trouble him; that I  
can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for  
he shall fetch the next Letters him selfe.

*Browne.* I prethee, when thinkst thou the Ships will be  
come about from *Plimmouth*?

*Post.* Next weeke, sir.

*Heigh.* Came you sir from *Spaine* lately?

*Post.* I sir; Why aske you that?

*Ha.* Marry sir, thou seemes to haue bin in the hot countries,  
thy face looks so like a peece of rusty Bacon : had thy Host  
at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the house, whē thou wert there?

*Post.* What though he had not sir? but he had, how then?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Harr.* Marry thanke God for it; for otherwise, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Rashers to haue eaten thee; thou look'st as thou weart through broyld already.

*Post.* You haue sayd sir; but I am no meate for his moing, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you should find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

*Walgr.* What will you swagger sirra, will yee swagger?

*Brom.* I beseech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen lest with you?

*Post.* Ide teach him a Gentle trick and I had him of the burse; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

*Moor.* Assure yee maister *Towerfon*, I cannot blame him, I warrant you it is no easie losse;

How thinke you maister *Stranger*? by my fayth sir, Ther's twentie Marchants will be sorry for it, That shall be partners with him in his losse.

*Str.* Why sir, whats the matter.

*Moor.* The Spanish-gallies haue besette our shippes, That lately were bound out for *Siria*.

*March.* What not? I promise you I am sorry for it.

*Walg.* What an old Ass is this to keepe vs here: Maister *Pisaro*, pray dispatch vs hence.

*Pisa.* Maister *Vandalle* I confesse I wronge you; But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and straight turne to you.

Ah sir, and how then yfayth?

*Heigh.* Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

*Harr.* Tis Midsomer-Moone with him: let him alone, He call's *Ned Walgrane*, Maister *Vandalle*. (*Pisaro.*)

*Walg.* Let it be shrouetide, Ile not stay an ynche maister

*Pisa.* What should you feare: ende as I haue vow'd be- So now againe; my Daughters shalbe yours: (fore,

And therefore I beseech you and your friendes,

Deferre your businesse till Dinner time;

And what youd say, keepe it for table talke.

*Harr.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Harn.* Marrie and shall; a right good motion:  
Sirrs, old *Pisaro* is growne kind of late,  
And in pure lone, hath bid vs home to dinner.  
*Heigh.* Good newes in truth: But wherefore art thou sad?  
*Walg.* For feare the slave ere it be dinner time,  
Remembring what he did, recall his word:  
For by his idle speeches, you may sweare,  
His heart was not confederat with histongue.  
*Harn.* Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomacks till anone,  
And then we shall haue cates to feede vpon.  
*Pisa.* Well sir, since things doe fall so crosely out,  
I must dispose my selfe to patience:  
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,  
At my repaying home from the Exchange,  
Ile set a helping hand vnto the same.

*Enter Aluaro the Italian.*

*Alua.* *Bon iurno* signecour *Padre*, why be de malancollie so much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke so naught?

*Pisa.* Naught is too good an epithite by much,  
For to distinguish such contrariouesnesse:  
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow saile Shippes  
Haue been ore-taken by the swift saile Gallies,  
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch  
Of that same Catterpillar brood of *Spaine*.

*Alua.* Signor si, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke de Ship dat go for Turkie: my Pader, harke you me on word, I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Vennise*, dat after vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat make de Gallies run away for feare be almost drownde.

*Pisa.* How sir; did the Winderise at North, and Seas waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?

*Alu.* Signior si, & de Ship go drite on de Iscola de *Candy*.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Pisa.* Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,  
One whom I know does dearely count of mee,  
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing lacke,  
Had sent thee in the middest of all my griefes,  
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

*Alua.* Wil you no beleue me? see dare dan, see de leltre.

*Pisa.* What is this world? or what this state of man,  
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest?

But even now my happie state gan fade,  
And now againe, my state is happie made,  
My Goods all safe, my Ships all scapt away,  
And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,  
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:

Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,  
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre  
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller.  
Ioy stops my mouth.

*The Exchange Bell rings.*

*Balsa.* M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:  
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

*Pisa.* What businesse sir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie:  
Doe it, yes sir, you shall commaund me more.

*Tomer.* But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend--  
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with mee?

*Pisa.* Marry God sheild, that I should palter with you:  
I doe accept it, and come when you please;  
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

*Post.* I beseech your worship to consider mee.

*Pisa.* Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,  
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,  
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst maister.

*Post.* Marry God bleffe your Worship; I came in happy  
time: What, a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what  
he does: Well, Ile begon, least he remember himselfe, and  
take it from me againe.

*Exit Post.*

*Pisa.* Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*; sweet sonne *Aluaro*:

Come







*A Woman will haue her will.*

Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home  
Bir laken sirs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

*Exit Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandallo.*

*Brow.* Come *M. Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,  
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

*Moor.* I know that I am lookt for long ere this:  
Come maister *Towerfon*, let's walke along.

*Exit Moore, Browne, Towerfon, Strangers, & Marchant.*

*Heigh.* And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,  
Your best way is, to haste *Pisaro* on,  
For he is cold enough, and slow enough,  
He hath so late digested such cold newes.

*Walg.* Mary and shall: Heare you maister *Pisaro*.

*Harr.* Many *Pisaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*;  
Where is your *Mart*? your welcome, and good cheare?

*Walg.* Swounds, lets follow him; why stay we heere?

*Heigh.* Nay prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our selues,  
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:  
At first *Pisaro* bade vs come to him

Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisaro*: but since then,  
What with his griefe for losse, and ioy for finding,  
Hee quite forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,  
And afterward forgot, that he had bade vs.

*Walg.* I care not, I remember't well enough:  
Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,  
To teach him better witte another time.

*Harr.* Heer'le be a gallantiest, when we come there,  
To see how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke  
Vpon the nations, sects, and factions,  
That now haue borne him company to dinner:  
But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;  
Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

*Walg.* Not goe? indeed you may doe what you please;  
He goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon already,

Stay

*English-men for my money: or,*

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

*Heigh.* Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee stay;  
Thou'rt such a rash and giddie headed youth,  
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;  
Young *Harnie* did but iest; I know heele goe.

*Walg.* Nay, he may chuse for mee: But if he will,  
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?  
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

*Harn.* Hier a Poast-horse for him (gentle *Francke*)  
Heer's haste, and more haste then a hastie Pudding;  
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates; we are for you,  
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

*Walg.* Come away then.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro, Alvaro, Delion, and Vandalle.*

*Pisa.* A thousand welcomes friends: *Monfieur Delion,*  
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe,  
*Signior Alvaro, Maister Vandalle;*  
Proude am I, that my rooffe containes such Friends.  
Why *Mall, Laurentia, Matth,* Where be these Girles?

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;  
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:  
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.  
Gods mee, Why stirre you not? Harke in your eare,  
These be the men the choyse of many millions,  
That I your carefull Father haue provided  
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

*Matth.* Nay by my troth, tis not the guyse of maydes,  
To giue a flauering Salute to men: *(aside)*  
If these sweete youths haue not the witte to doe it,  
Wee haue the honestie to let them stand.

*Vanda.* Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, *Monfieur*  
*Delion* dare de Grote freiller, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra  
Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire  
so long gewest.

*Alvar.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Alua.* Ah *Venice*, *Roma*, *Italia*, *Francia*, *Anglita*, nor all  
dis orbe can shew so much *belliza*; *veremante di secunda*,  
*Madona de granda bewtie*.

*Delio.* Certes me dincke de mine depeteta de little An-  
gloise; de me Mätresse *Pisaro* is vn nette, vn becues; vn fra,  
et vn'tendra *Dainosella*.

*Pisa.* What Stock, what stones, what senceles Truncks  
be these?

When as I bid you speake; you hold your tongue:

When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat;

And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome;

Or (as I liue) yon were as good you did.

*Mari.* I cannot tell what Language I should speake:

Yf I speake *English* (as I can none other)

They cannot vnderstand mee, nor my welcome.

*Alua.* *Bella Madona*, dare is no language so dulce; dulce,  
dat is sweete, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de  
vell come dat you sal say, sal be well know per faytemente.

*Muri.* Pray sie, What is all this in *English*?

*Alua.* De vsa sal vell teach you vat dat is; and if you sal  
please, I will teach you to parler *Italiano*.

*Pisa.* And that mee thinkes sir, not without need:

And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,  
With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,  
As others farre more vertuous then them selues,  
Doe dayly striue to doe: But tis no matter,  
Ile shortly pull your haughtie stomacks downe:  
Ile teach you vrge your Father; make you runne,  
When I bid runne: and speake, when I bid speake:  
What greater crosse can carefull parents haue (*knock within*)  
Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

*Enter Harrie, Walgraue, and Heigham.*

*Walgr.* Good morrow to my good Mistris *Mathea*.

*Mathe.* As good a morrow, to the inorrow giuer.

*Pisa.* A murren, what make these? What do they heere?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Heigh.* You see maister *Pisaro*, we are bold guesles,  
You could haue bid no surer men then wee.

*Pisa.* Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you  
At after noone, not before two a clocke.

*Hara.* Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs heere at  
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clocke; nay till to  
morrow this time: yet I assure you, sir, wee came not to  
your house without inuiting.

*Pisa.* Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now?  
Who cuer did it, sure hath done you wrong:  
For scarcely could you come to worser cheare.

*Heigh.* It was your owne selfe bade vs to your cheare,  
When you were busie with *Balsaro* talking,  
You bade vs cease our suites till dinner time,  
And then to vse it for our table talke:  
And wee I warrant you, are as sure as Steele.

*Pisa.* A murren on your selues, and surenes too:  
How am I crost: Gods mee, what shall I doe,  
This was that ill newes of the *Spanish* Pirats,  
That so disturb'd mee: well, I must dissemble,  
And bid them welcome; but for my Daughters  
He send them hence, they shall not stand and prate.  
Well my Maisters, Gentlemen, and Friends,  
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome;  
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,  
That will be small: yet too too much for you.

*Mall.* in and get things readie.

*Laurentia*, bid *Mandlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate:  
Looke how she stirres; you sullen Elfe, you Callet,  
Is this the haste you make? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.*

*Alua.* Signor *Pisaro*, ne soiat so malcontento de Gentle-  
woman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle  
homay your graunde amico.

*Pisa.* But that graunde amico, is your graunde inimico:  
One, if they be suffred to parlar,

Will







*A Woman will haue her will.*

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife:  
They loue together: and the other two,  
Loues her two Sisters: but tis onely you  
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

*Alua.* Do dey so; vell let me lone, sal see me giue dem  
de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem-selues.

*Pisa.* Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them,  
And lle be ready still to second you.

*Walg.* But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French*?

*Math.* Yes marry when two Sundayes come together,  
Thinke you lle learne to speake this gibberidge,  
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,  
They le say, the *French* (*et-cetera*) infected mee.

*Pisa.* Why how now Minion; what, is this your seruice?  
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,  
And you stande idle: get you in, or. *Exit Mathew.*

*Walg.* Yf you chide her, chide me (*Ni. Pisaro*):  
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

*Pisa.* I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her,  
But er't belong, lle driue that humor from her.

*Alua.* Signor, methincks you sould no macke de wenshe  
so hardee, so disobedient to de padre as ditt madona *Matt*.

*Walg.* Signor, me thinkes you should learne to speake,  
before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a  
Mayden as that *Madona Matt*?

*Delia.* Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal  
stande out the doure.

*Harn.* Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe  
halfe hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

*Van.* Macke no doubt de signor *Alua*, sal do vel enough

*Heigh.* perhaps so: but me thinks your best way were to  
ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and there to batter your selfe for a  
commodity; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

*Pisa.* The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best  
esteem him best.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Harn.* But by your patience sir, mee thinks none should know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

*Alua.* Den de Lady, vat Lady?

*Harn.* Marry sir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

*Pisa.* Euery man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde may katch a Hare.

*Heigh.* I sir, but he will first eate many a Fly: You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

*Vand.* *Maer hort ens;* if he & ic & monfieur *Delion* be de Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough, I warrent you.

*Walg.* I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you; And much good may it doe yee.

*Alua.* Mee dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal haue no de such grande lucke mader.

*Delio.* Non da Monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de Damosella, he sal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenshe in de Kichine by malter *Pisaros* leaue.

*Walg.* By M. *Pisaros* leaue, *Monsieur* Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnath thy teeth to want.

*Pisa.* Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke serues, and so agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in iest, now lets too't in earnest; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the best Trencher-man.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ah sirra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was out of ail count: For my maister would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold. My young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maister halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coate and  
hee





*A Woman will haue her will.*

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Hum-frie* dwelles here, and that he keeps open house, and that a braue sort of Cammileres dine with him euery day; now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foote: But the best is, a the auncient English romaine Orator saith, *So-lame-men, Misers, Howsewines*, and so foorth: the best is, that I haue great store of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the meate is so long making readie: Well, if I could meete this scuruike *Frenchman*, they should slay mee, for I would be gone home.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* I beseech you *Monsieur*, giue mee audience.

*Frisco.* What would you haue? What should I giue you?

*Antho.* Pardon, sir mine vnciuill and presumptuous intrusion, who indeauour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperat you against mee.

*Frisco.* They say, a word to the Wise is enough: so by this litle *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I seeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

*Antho.* I am nominated *Monsieur Le Mouche*, and rest at your *bon seruice*.

*Frisco.* I vnderstand him partly; yea, and partly nay: Can you speake *French*? *Content pore vous monsieur Madomo.*

*Antho.* If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you: you speake the best *French* that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

*Frisco.* Nay, I can speake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella surde Curte zana.*

*Antho.* Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

*Frisco.* I belecue you well: now for *Dutch*:

*Ducky de doe matt heb yee ge brought.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Antho.* I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such *Dutch* before brocht.

*Frsc.* Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezant: Heare you *M. Mause*, (so your name is I take it) I haue considered of your learning in these aforesaid Languages, and find you reasonable: So, so, now this is the matter; Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paid for your labour.

*Antho.* Yes sir, and that most willingly.

*Frsc.* Why then *M. Mause*, to their vse, I entertaine yee, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill: Well sir, if youle please to walke with me, Ile bring you to them.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.*

*Lauren.* Sit till dinners done; not I, I sweare:  
Shall I stay? till he belch into mine eares.  
Thoserusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French tearmes,  
Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence:  
And when he hath no loue for-footh, why then  
Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men  
Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made alaw,  
That none but *Dutch* as hee, may trafficke there:  
Then standes he still and studies what to say,  
And after some halfe houre, because the Asses  
Hopes (as he thinkes) I shall not contradict him,  
Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me,  
And that I must perforce my Fathers will:  
Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe,  
Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine.

*Mathe.* Alas poore Wench, I sorrow for thy hap,  
To see how thou art clog'd with such a Dunce:  
Forsooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better,  
My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sassa*;

*Sweete*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Sweete Madam pardone moye I pra:*  
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,  
Swallowes his Spittle, frisks his Beard; and then to mee:  
*Pardons moy mistresse Mathea,*  
*If I be bold, to make so bold met you,*  
*Thinke it go will dat spurres me dus up yow.*  
*Dan cast neit off so good ande true Louer,*  
*Madama celestura de la, (I know not what)*  
*Doe oft pray to God dat me woud loue her:*  
And then hee reckons a catalogue of names  
of such as loue him, and yet cannot get him.  
*Mari.* Nay, but your *Monsieur's* but a Mousse in cheefe,  
Compar'd with my *Signior*; hee can tell  
Of *Lady Venus*, and her *Sonne bliad Cupid:*  
Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,  
And yet scorn'd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos*.  
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him;  
And yet he scorn'd her, yet she kild her Father  
To doe her good; yet he could not abide her:  
Nay, hele be bawdy too in his discourse;  
And when he is so, he will take my Hand,  
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,  
Gape with his Mouth, and

*Laur.* And, hold thy tongue I prethee: here's my father.

*Enter Pisaro, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, Harrie,  
Walgrau, and Heigham.*

*Pisa.* Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,  
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends  
To feast with mee, to reuell at my House,  
That their good likings, may be set on you,  
And you like misbehaud and sullen Girles,  
Turne tayle to such, as may aduance your states:  
I shall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.  
I am sorrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;

But

*English-men for my money: or,*

But what did want at Board, excuse me for;  
And you shall haue amendes be made in Bed.  
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:  
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:  
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:  
I hate all others that resort to them:  
Then rouse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:  
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

*Enter Frisco and Anthonie.*

*Frisco.* God-gee god-morrow sir, I haue brought you  
M. Mouse here to teach my young Mistresses: I assure you  
(for-sooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

*Pisa.* Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)  
Hath at the full, resolu'd thee of my will.  
Monsieur *Delion*, I pray question him:  
I tell you sir, tis onely for your sake,  
That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

*Antho.* A bots of all ill lucke, how came these heere?  
Now am I posde except the Wenches helpe mee:  
I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

*Harn.* To see the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*  
Could nere haue sorted out a worse time:  
Now will the packe of all our sly deuises  
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster:  
*Francke, Heigham, and mad Ned*, fall to your mases,  
To helpe poore *Anthony* now, at a pinch,  
Or all our market will be spoild and marde.

*Walg.* Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you. (*vous.*)

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous estes tres bien veu, de quell pais estes*

*Anth.* *Vous*, thats you; sure he saies, how do men call you  
Monsieur le Mouche?

*Mari.* Sister, helpe sister; that's honest *Anthonie*,  
And he answers, your woer *cuius contrarium*.

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous n'entend pas, je ne demande puit,*  
*vestre*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*vostre nom?*

*Math.* Monsieur *Delion*, he that made your Shooes, made them not in fashion: they should haue been cut square at the toe.

*Delio.* Madame, my Sho met de square toe, vat be dat?

*Pisa.* Why sauce-box; how now you vareuerent mincks Why? in whose Stable hast thou been brought vp;  
To interrupt a man in midst of speech?

Monsieur *Delion*, disquiet not your selfe,

But as you haue begun, I pray proceed.

To question with this Countryman of yours:

*Delio.* Dat me sal doctresbeien, but de bella Madona de iune Gentlewoman do monstre some singe of amour to speake lot me, epurce: monsieur, mee sal say but two tree fowre siue word to dis francois: or sus Monsieur *Le mouche en quelle partie de France esties vous ne?*

*Haru.* France.

*Heigh.* Ned;

*Walg.* Sbloud, let mee co me.

Maister *Pisaro*, we haue occasion of affaires,

Which calles vs hence with speed; wherefore I pray

Deferre this businesse till some fitter time,

And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

*Antho.* A blessing on that tongue, saith *Anthony*.

*Pisa.* Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

*Aluaro* to your taske, fall to your taske,

Ile beare away those three, who being heere,

Would set my Daughters on a merry pin:

Then chearely try your luckes; but speake, and speed,

For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

*Exeunt Pisaro, Haru, Walgrane, and Higham.*

*Frisc.* Heare you M. *Moufe*, did you dine to day at

*Paulos* with the rest of the Gentlemen there?

*Antho.* No sir, I am yet vndined.

*Frisc.* Mee thinkes you should haue a reasonable good

E.

Stomacke.

*English-men for my money: or,*

Stomacke then by this time, as for me I can sell nothinge within me from my mouth to my Cod-pieece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wisdom to goe in and see what Maudelin hath provided for our Dinner maister. Mause will you goe in?

*Antho.* With as good a stomacke and desire as your  
*Frisco.* Lett's passe in then. (selfe.

*Exeunt Frisco, and Anthonie.*

*Vanda.* Han seg you Doctior, vor vat cause, voer why bede also much grooterlie strange, Ic seg you wat, if datt ghy speake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

*Lauren.* Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath stinckes, if that your breath stinckes not, you must learne sweeter English or I shall neuer vnderstand your suite.

*Delion.* Pardone moy Madame.

*Math.* Withall my heart so you offend no more.

*Delia.* Is dat an offence to be amorous di one belle Gentlewoman.

*Math.* I fir see your Belle Gentlewoman cannot be amorous of you.

*Mar.* Then if I were as that belle Gentlewomans louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

*Aluar.* Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corpp may be such datt no perriculo, nor all de mal shaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce visage.

*Laur.* But signor *Aluaro* if the periculo or mal shaunce were such, that she should loue and liue with an other, then the dulce visage must be leste in spite of the louers teeth, whilst he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

*Vanda.* Datts waer matresse, for it is vnttrue saying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie ferat sin gatt.

*Math.* And I thinke to are like to scratch there but neuer to claw any of my Sisters loue away.

*Vand.* Dan sal your sistree do gainst her vaders will, for







*A Woman will haue her will.*

for your vader segt darick sal heb har vor mine wife.

*Laur.* I thinke not so fir, for I neuer heard him say so,  
but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

*Mari.* Harke sister signor *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the  
fayrest of all vs three,

*Laur.* Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.  
If so he thinkes thou mayst be pleasd thereby,  
Come goe with me and neere stand pratinge here,  
I haue a iest to tell thee in thine care,  
Shall make you laugh : come let your signor stand,  
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,  
Scoffes at him more, or loues him lesse then thou.  
*Maister Vandalle*, as much I say for you,  
If needes you marry with an *English* Lasse,  
Woe her in *English*, or sheele call you Ass.

*Math.* Tut that's a *French* cogge ; sure I thinke,  
There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe so fond,  
To woe and sue so for your Mounsership.

*Delio.* Par may soy Madame, shee does tincke dare is  
no Wenche so dure as you : for de Fillee was cree dulce,  
tendre, and amorous for me to loue hir ; now me tincke dat  
I being such a fine man, you should loua me.

*Mathe.* So thinke not I, sir.

*Delio.* But so tinckee ch order Damosellas.

*Mathe.* Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,  
That my Sisters thinke not so : How say you sister *Mall*?  
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke?  
What beaten in plaine field ; where be your Maydes?  
Nay then I see their louing humor fades,  
And they resigne their intrest vp to mee ;  
And yet I cannot serue for all you three :  
But least two should be madd, that I loue one,  
You shall be all alike, and Ile loue none :  
The world is scant, when so many Iacke Dawes,

*English-men for my money: or,*

Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes:  
Yf needes youle haue me stay till I am dead,  
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathea* for her Ned:  
And so faréwell, wee Sisters doe agree,  
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

*Delio. Madama attendez; Madama: is she alle? doe she*  
*mockque de nows in such fort?*

*Vand. Oh de pestilence, hoe if datick can neite dese En-*  
*glese spreake vel, it shal hir Fader seg how dit is to passe*  
*gecomen.*

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Aluar. Ne parlate, see here signors de Fader,*

*Pisa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speedes your*  
*worke; haue you not found them shrewd yn happy girls?*

*Vand. Mester Pisaro, de Dochter maistris Laurentia calle*  
*me de Dyel, den Assé, for that ic can neit englesh spreken.*

*Alua. Ande dat we sal no parler, dat we sal no hauar*  
*den for de wiue.*

*Pisa. Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proude?*  
*Well, I shall find a time to meete with them:*  
*In the meane season, pray frequent my house.*

*Enter Frisco running.*

*Ho now sirra, whither are you running?*

*Frisco. About a little tiny businesse.*

*Pisa. What businesse, Assé?*

*Frisco. Indeed I was not sent to you: and yet I was sent*  
*after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come*  
*to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.*

*Pisa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?*  
*What, art thou sure the Wenches bade them come?*

*Frisco. So they said, vnlesse their mindes be changed*  
*since: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they say, & I*  
*am sure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and*  
*bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.*

*Pisa*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* No sirra, stay you heere; but one word more:  
Did they appoint the come one by one, or else al together?

*Frise.* Altogether: Lord that such a young man as you  
should haue no more witt: why if they should come toge-  
ther, one could not make rome for them; but comming one  
by one, theyle stand there if there were twenty of them.

*Pisa.* How this newes glads me, and reuiues my soule:  
How say you sirs, what will you haue a iest worth the  
telling; nay worth the acting: I haue it Gentlemen,  
I haue it Friends,

*Alua.* Signor *Pisaro*, I prey de gratia watte maniere sal  
we haue? wat will the parler? wat bon dee you know  
Signor *Pisaro*, dicheti noi signor *Pisaro*.

*Pisa.* Oh that youth so sweete, so soone should turne  
to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to  
doe.

Harke yee, harke yee; heere my man,  
Saith, that the Girles haue sent for Maister *Heigham*  
And his two friends; I know they loue them dear,  
And therefore with them late at night be heere  
To reuell with them: Will you haue a iest,  
To worke my will, and giue your longings rest:  
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two,  
Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe,  
And court the Wenches; and to be vnknowne,  
And taken for the men, whom they alone  
So much affect; each one shall change his name:  
Maister *Vandalle*, you shall take *Heigham*, and you  
Younge *Haruie*, and monsieur *Delion Ned*,  
And vnder shadowes he of substance sped:  
How like you this deuice? how thinke you of it?

*Delio.* Oh de brane de galliarde deuise: me sal come by de  
nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes. diste nous  
ainsi monsieur *Pisaro*.

*Pisa.* You are in the right sir.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Alua.* And I fall name me de signor *Haruy*, ende monsieur *Delion* fall be de piculo signor *Ned*, ende when mado-na *Laurentia* fall say, who be dare: mister *Vandalle* fall say, Oh my sout Laide, hier be your loue Mestro *Heigham*: Is no dis de brauissime, maister *Vandalle*?

*Vanda.* Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come  
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wineken  
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come.

*Pisa.* Ha, ha, ha, maister *Vandalle*,  
I trow you will be merrie soone at night,  
When you shall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

*Vanda.* I fall v seg vader, Ick fall tesh your Daughrer  
such a ting, make her laugh too.

*Pisa.* Well my Sonnes all, (for so I count you shall)  
What we haue lieere deuise'd, provide me for:  
But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget  
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

*Vanda.* Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de wecke to  
your houis, hort ens fall maister *Frisco* your manneken  
come to calle de me, and bring me to v house.

*Pisa.* Yes marry shall hee: see that you be ready,  
And at the hower of eleuen sone at night:  
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,  
And so direct him straight vnto my house:  
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*,  
I know, doth know the way exceeding well:  
Well, weele to the *Rose* in *Barken* for an hower:  
And sirra *Frisco*, see you proue no blabbe.

*Exeunt Pisa, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.*

*Frisco.* Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Maister  
had so much witte in his old rotten budget; and yet  
y sayth he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what  
wise man in a kingdome would sende me for the *Dutch-*  
*man*? Does hee thinke Ile not cousten him: Oh fine, Ile  
haue







*A Woman will haue her will.*

haue the brauest sport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallentest sport: Oh come, now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Anthonie.*

(tily?

*Antho.* Why how now *Frisco*, why laughest thou so har-

*Frisco.* Laugh *M. Mouse*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha. (merry?

*Antho.* Laugh, why should I laugh? or why art thou so

*Frisco.* Oh maister *Mouse*, maister *Mouse*, it would make any *Mouse*, *Ratte*, *Catte*, or *Dogge*, laugh to thinke, what sport we shall haue at our house sone at night: Ile tell you, all my young Mistrresses sent me after *M. Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our house after my old Maister was a bed: Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went: and whom should I meete, but my Maister and *M. Pifaro* and the Strangers; so my Maister very worshipfully (I must needs say) examined me whither I went now? I durst not tell him an vntruth, for feare of lying, but told him plainely and honestly mine arrande: Now who would thinke my Maister had such a monstrous plagueie witte, hee was as glad as could be, out of all scotch and notch glad, out of all count glad? and so firra he bid the three Vplandish-men come in their steades and woe my young Mistrresses: Now it made mee so laugh to thinke how they will be coufend, that I could not follow my Maister: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as secret as I haue done hitherto, wee shall haue the brauest sport soone, as can be. I must be gone, say nothing.

*Antho.* Well, it is so:

And we will haue good sport, or it shall go hard;  
This must the Wenches know, or all is marde.

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Harke you *Mis. Moll*, *Mis. Laurentia*, *Mis. Matt*,

I haue such newes (my Girles) will make you smile.

*Marin,*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Mari.* What be they Maister, how I long to heare it.

*Antha.* A Woman right, still longing, and with child,  
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon:  
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,  
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow!  
Tonight-walkers, cause-droppers, or outlandish loue,  
That ere was stricken.

*Math.* *Anthony Monche,*  
Moue but the matter; tell vs but the iest,  
And if you find vs slacke to execute,  
Neuer giue credence, or beleeue vs more. (house)

*Antha.* Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish  
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night  
In stead of *Harrie, Heigham,* and young *Ned,*  
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed:  
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went  
I need not to instruct, you can conioine;  
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store  
Of witte and knauerie too.

*Math.* *Anthony,* thanks  
Is too too small a guerdon for this newes;  
You must be English: Well sir signor fowle,  
He teach you trickes for comming to our house.

*Laur.* Are you so craftie, oh that night were come,  
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare  
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:  
Well, if I quitch him not, I here pray God,  
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde;  
And that were worfer to me then a hanging.

*Antha.* Well said old honest huddles; here's a heape  
Of merrie Lasses: Well, for my selfe,  
He bide mee to your Louers, bid them maske  
With vs at night, and in some corner stay  
Neere to our house, where they may make some play  
Vpon your riualls; and when they are gon,

Come





*A Woman will haue her will.*

Come to your windowes.

*Mari.* Doe so good Maister.

*Antho.* Peace, begon; for this our sport,  
Some body soone will moorne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Pisa.* How fauourable Heauen and Earth is scene,  
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,  
Nights Candles burne obscure, and the pale Moone  
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:  
I can but smile to see the simple Girles,  
Hoping to haue their sweete hearts here to night,  
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:  
But when they finde, the Strangers in their Steades,  
They le change their note, and sing an other song.  
Where be these Girles heere? what, to bed, to bed:  
*Mawdlin* make fast the Dores, rake vp the Fire;  
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bom-bell* rings: *Knocke.*  
Some looke downe below, and see who knockes:  
And harke you Girles, settle your hearts at rest,  
And full resolue you, that to morrow morne,  
You must be wedd to such as I preferre;  
I meane *Aluaro* and his other friendes:  
Let me no more be troubled with your naves.  
You shall doe what Ile haue, and so resolue.

*Enter Moore.*

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome,  
What winde a gods name driues you soorth so late?

*Moore.* Fayth sir, I am come to trouble you,  
My wife this present night is brought to bed.

*Pisa.* To bed, and what hath God sent you?

*Moore.* A iolly Girle, sir.

*Pisa.* And God blese her: But what's your will sir?

*Moore.* Fayth sir, my house being full of Friends,  
Such as (I thanke them) came to see my wife?

F.

I

*English-men for my money: or,*

I would request you, that for this one night,  
My daughter Susan might be lodged here.

*Pisa.* Lodge in my house, welcome with all my heart,  
Marr harke you, she shall lye with you,  
Trust me she could not come in fitter time.  
For heere you sir, to morrow in the morning,  
All my three Daughters must be married,  
Good maister *Moore* lets haue your company,  
What say you sir; Welcome honest friend.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Moore.* How now sirra whats the newes with you?

*Pisa.* *Momoko* heare you, stirre betimes to morrow,  
For then I meane your Schollers shall be wed:  
What newes, what newes man that you looke so sad,

*Moore.* Hee brings me word my wife is new falne sicke,  
And that my daughter cannot come to night:  
Or if she does, it will be very late.

*Pisa.* Beleeue me I am then more sorry for it.  
But for your daughter come she soone or late,  
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,  
For heere be three meanes not to sleepe to night:  
Well you must be gone? commende me to your wife,  
Take heede how you goe downe, the staires are bad,  
Bring here a light.

*Moore.* Tis well I thanke you sir.

*Exit.*

*Pisa.* Good night maister *Moore* farwell honest friend,  
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and past,  
Doe not stand prating here to make me fetch you,  
But gette you to your Chambers.

*Exit Pisa.*

*Antho.* Birlady heres short worke, harke you Girles,  
Will you to morrow marry with the strangers.

*Mall.* Yfayth sir no Ile first leape out at window,  
Before *Marina* marry with a stranger,

*Antho.* Yes but your father swears, you shall haue one.

*Ma.* Yes but his daughters, swears they shall haue none,  
These







*A Woman will haue her will.*

These horeſon Canniballs, theſe *Philifines*,  
Theſe tango mongoes ſhall not rule Ore me,  
He haue my will and *Ned*, or He haue none.

*Antho.* How will you get him? how will you get him?  
I know no other way except it be this,

1 nat when your fathers in his ſoundeſt ſleepe,  
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,

*All ſiſters.* So wee will rather then miſſe of them.

*Antho.* Tis well reſolude y<sup>e</sup> ſayth and like your ſelues,  
But heare you? to your Chambers preſently,  
Leaſt that your father doe diſcry our drift, *Exeunt Siſters.*  
*Miſtres Susan* ſhould come but ſhe cannot,  
Nor perhaps ſhall not, yet perhaps ſhe ſhall,  
Might not a man conceipt a prettie ieſt?  
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,  
If all thinges ſadge nor, as all thinges ſhould doe,  
Wee ſhall be ſped y<sup>e</sup> ſayth, *Matt* ſhall haue hue.

*Enter Vandallo and Friſco.*

*Vand.* Wear be you meſter *Friſco*.

*Friſc.* Here ſir, here ſir, now if I could couſen him, take  
heede ſir hers a poſt.

*Vand.* Ick be ſo groterly-hot, datt ick ſwette, Oh wen  
ſal we come dare.

*Friſc.* Be you ſo hotte ſir, let me carry your Cloake, I  
aſſure you it will eaſe you much.

*Vand.* Dare here, dare, tis ſo Darke ey can neit ſee.

*Friſc.* I, ſo ſo: now you may trauell in your Hoſe and  
Doublet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were  
ſpit out of his mouth: He ſtraight home, & ſpeake groote  
and broode, and toot and gibriſh; and in the darke He  
haue a ſling at the Wenches. Well, I ſay no more; farewell  
*M. Mendall*, I muſt goe ſeeke my fortune. *Exit Friſco.*

*Vanda.* Meſter *Friſco*, meſter *Friſco*, wat ſal you no ſpeak;  
make you de Foole? Why meſter *Friſco*; Oh de ſkellum,

*English-men for my money: or,*

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester  
*Frisco*, waer sidy mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

*Enter Harue, Heigham, and Walgrau.*

*Harue.* Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?  
It may be we shall ouerreach your drift;  
This is the time the Wenches sent vs word  
Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.  
Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:  
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.  
What, speechlesse *Ned*? sayth whereon mustst thou?  
Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:  
Hee come *ete vostre*, and so foorth,  
Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?  
How then, how then?

*Walg.* Swounds Ile geld him first,  
Ere that infectious loszell reuell there.

Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;  
Shouldst thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,  
Thou didst not know thy losse, yfayth thou didst not.

*Heigh.* Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets prouide  
Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,  
And set them out the way?

*Walg.* Why that will I.

*Harue.* Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:  
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,  
And thou't be ready crosse them ore the pates:  
Therefore for this time, lie supply the rome.

*Heigh.* And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;  
Youle hold them with your floutes and gullles so long,  
That all the night will scarcely be enough  
To put in practise, what we haue deuise:

Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

*Harue.* Well, I am content to saue your longing.  
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,

Come,





*A Woman will haue her will.*

Come let vs take our stands: *Fraunce* stand you there,  
And *Ned* and I will crosse t<sup>o</sup> other side.

*Heigh.* Doe so: But hush, I heare one passing hither.

*Enter Alua.*

*Alua.* Oh de fauorable aspect of de heauen; tis so obscure, so darke, so blacke dat no mortalle creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I sal haue de reight Wench: Ah si I berecht, here be de huis of signor *Pisaro*, I sal haue de madona *Marna*, and daruor I sal knocke to de dore.

*He knockes.*

*Heigh.* What a pox are you mad or druncke;  
What, doe you meane to breake my Glasse?

*Alua.* Wat be dat Glasse? Wat druncke, wat mad?

*Heigh.* What Glasse; sir; why my Glasses: and if you be so crancke, Ile call the Constable; you will not enter into a mans house (I hope) in spight of him?

*Harn.* Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there;  
Yf once the Maister of the House did know it.

*Alua.* Is dit your Hous? be you de Signor of dis Cassa?

*Heigh.* Signor me no signors, nor cassa me no cassas:  
but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the Bastinado.

*Heigh.* Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the Rogerhead.

*Alua.* Is this neit the Hous of mester *Pisaro*?

*Heigh.* Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you?  
I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

*Alua.* Wat be dat?

*Heigh.* Marry that you are an Assc and a Legerhead,  
To seeke maister *Pisaro*'s house heere.

*Alua.* I prey de gratia, wat be dis plasce?  
Wat doe ye call dit strete?

*Heigh.* What sir; why *Leden-hall*, could you not see the foure Spoutes as you came along?

*Alua.* Certenemento *Leden hall*, I hit my hed by de way,  
dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wish be de way to *Crochefriers*?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Heigh.* How, to *Croched-friers*? Marry you must goe along till you come to the *Pumpe*, and then turne on your right hand.

*Alua.* Signor, adio.

*Exit Alua.*

*Harn.* Farewell and be hang'd Signor :  
Now for your fellow, if the *Ass* would come.

*Enter Delio.*

*Delio.* By my trot me doe so much tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine *Wenshe*, dat me tincke esh houer ten day, and esh day ten yeare, till I come to her : Here be de huise of sin vader, fall alle and knocke.

*He knocks.*

*Heigh.* What a bots ayle you, are you madd?  
Will you runne ouer me and breake my *Glasses*?

*Delio.* *Glasses*, wat *Glasses*? Prey is monsieur *Pisaro* to de mayson?

*Harn.* Harke *Ned*, there's thy substaunce

*Walg.* Nay by the *Masse*, the substaunce's heere,  
The shaddow's but an *Ass*.

*Heigh.* What Maister *Pisaro*?  
Logerhead, heere's none of your *Pisaros*?

*Delio.* Yes but dit is the housis of mester *Pisaro*.

*Walg.* Will not this monsieur *Motley* take his answer?  
Ile goe and knocke the *asse* about the pate.

*Harn.* Nay by your leaue sir, but Ile hold your worship.  
This sturre we should haue had, had you stood there.

*Walg.* Why, would it not vexee one to heare the *asse*,  
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

*Harn.* One of thy mettle *Ned*, would surely doe it :  
But peace, and harken to the rest.

*Delio.* Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matresse *Mashee*.  
dwell in dit *Plashe*?

*Heigh.* No sir, here dwells none of your fine Ganthewoman : Twere a good deed sirra, to see who you are;  
You come hither to steale my *Glasses*.  
And then counterfeite you are going to your *Queanes*.

*Delio.*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Delio.* I be deen dis darke neight; here be no Wenshe,  
I be no in deright plathe: I prey Monsieur, wat be name  
dis Streete, and wilshe be de way to *Crosbe-friers*?

*Heigh.* Marry this is *Funchurch-streete*,  
And the best way to *Crotched-friers*, is to follow your nose

*Delio.* *Vansbe-streete*, how shaunce me come to *Vansbe-  
streete*? vell monsieur, me must alle to *Croche-friers*.

*Exit Delio.*

*Walg.* Farewell fortipence, goe seeke your Signor,  
I hope youle finde your selues two Dolts anone:  
*Hush* *Fredinand*, I heare the last come stamping hither.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ha firra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman*, and runne  
my selfe almost out of breath too: now to my young mis-  
tresses goe I, some body cast an old shoe after me: but soft,  
how shall I doe to counterfeite the *Dutchman*, be cause  
I speake *Englishe* so like a naturall; Tush, take you no  
thought for that, let me alone for *Squintum squantum*: soft,  
her's my Maisters house,

*High.* Whose there.

*Frisco.* Whose there, why sir here is: Nay thats too good  
*Englishe*; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman*.

*Heigh.* Then theres not onely a growtte head, but an  
Ass also.

*Frisco.* What be yoo, yoo be an *Englishe* Oxe to call a gen-  
tle moan Ass.

*Haru.* Harke Ned yonders good greeting.

*Frisco.* But yoo, and yoo be Maister *Moufe* that dwell  
here, tell your matresse *Laurentia* datt her sweete harte  
Maister *Vandall* would speake with horde,

*Heigh.* Maister *Mendall*,! gette you gon, least you get  
a broken Pate and so marre all: heres no entrance for mis-  
tres *Laurentias* sweete heart.

*Frisco.* Gods sacaren warr is the luck now,

*Shall*

*English-men for my money: or,*

Shall not I come to my friend maister *Pisaro* Hoofe?

*Heigh.* Yes and to maister *Pisaro*s Shoes too, if hee or they were here.

*Frisco.* Why my groute friend, *M. Pisaro* doth dwel here.

*Heigh.* Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and sold Glasses.

*Walg.* Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

*Frisco.* Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

*Harn.* I sir, and will giue you, a licke of my Cudgell, if yee stay long and trouble the whole streete with your bawling: hence dolt, and goe seeke *M. Pisaro*s House.

*Frisco.* Goe seeke *M. Pisaro*s House,

Where shall I goe seeke it?

*Heigh.* Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is.

*Frisco.* That is here in *Croched-friers*.

*Heigh.* How *Leger-head*, is *Croched-friers* heere? I thought you were some such drunken Assle, That come to seeke *Croched-friers* in *Tower-streete*.

But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd; You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling, A good while longer then I would haue been.

*Frisco.* Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Croched-friers*? Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me so much Wine, at the *Tauerne*, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

*Harn.* My *Dutchman*s out his Compasse & his Card; Hee's reckning what Winde hath drouch him hither: Ile sweare hee thinkes neuer to see *Pisaro*s.

*Frisco.* Nay tis so, I am sure druncke: Soft let mee see, what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my Maisters house and counterfeite the *Dutchman*, and get my young Mistresse: well, and I must turne on my left hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane: Fare de well good friend, I am a simple *Dutchman* I.

*Exit Frisco.*

*Heigh.* Faire weather after you. And now my Laddes,

Haue





*A Woman will haue her will.*

Haue I not plide my part as I should doe?

*Harm.* Twas well, twas well: But now let's cast about,  
To set these Woodcocks farder from the House,  
And afterwards returne vnto our Girles.

*Walg.* Content, content, come, come make haste. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aluaro.*

*Alua.* I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I  
can no tell waer, and fall dor. I can no tell wate, turne by  
the Pumps; I pumpelt faire.

*Enter Delio.*

*Delio.* Me aile, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-friers.*

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Oh miserable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which  
is the way to my Maisters house, I am a Red-herring, and  
no honest Gentleman.

*Alua.* Who parlatodaer?

*Delio.* Who bedert who alle der?

*Frisco.* How's this? For my life here are the Strangers;  
Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hose, that I might creepe  
into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

*Alua.* Who doe der ander?

*Delio.* Amis?

*Frisco.* Oh braue; it's no body but M. *Pharoo* and the  
*Frenchman* going to our House, on my life: well, Ile haue  
some sport with them, if the Watch hinder me not.

Who goes there?

*Delio.* Who parle der, in wat plashe, in wat streat be you?

*Frisco.* Why sir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower-*  
*streete*: Where a Diuell be you?

*Delio.* Io be here in *Lede-hall.*

*Frisco.* In *Leden-hall*? I trow I shall meete with you a-  
none: in *Leden-hall*? What a simple Assle is this *Frenchman*.  
Somemore of this: Where are you sir?

*Alua.* Moy I be here in *Vanshe-streete.*

G.

*Frisco.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Frisc.* This is excellent yn fayth, as fit as a Fiddle : I in *Tower-streete*, you in *Leaden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-streete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three speake togeather : either wee must be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-streete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-streete*; or all three Fooles.

*Alua.* Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well tesh de wey to *Croshe-frier*?

*Frisc.* How to *Croched-friers*? I, I sir, pasing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.

*Delio.* I dat mesal monsier Gentle-home, and giue you

*Frisc.* And monsiur *Pharo*, I shall lead you such a iaut, that you shall scarce giue me thanks for. Come sirrs follow mee : now for a durtie Puddle, the pissing Condit, or a great Post, that might turne these two from Asses to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

*Alua.* Whaer be de now signor?

*Frisc.* Euen where you will signor, for I know not : Soft I smell : Oh pure Nose.

*Delio.* VVat do you smell?

*Frisc.* I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles Pasties* : Sirrs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

*Alua.* Wat be dis?

*Frisc.* Soft let me see, feele I should say, for I cannot see: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Croched-friers*.

*Delio.* Dats good : but watt be dis Post?

*Frisc.* This Post, why tis the May-pole on *Iuie-bridge* going to *Westminster*.

*Delio.* Ho *Westmistere*, how come we tol *Westmistere*?

*Frisc.* Why on your Legges fooles, how should you goe? Soft, heere's an other : Oh now I know in deede where I am ; wee are now at the fardest end of *Shoredich*, for this is the May-pole.

*Delo.* *Sordiche*, O dio, dere be some nautic tinge, some Spirite







*A Woman will haue her will.*

**Spirite** do leade vs.

*Frisco.* You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French* spirit is vp so far alreedy, that you brought me this way, because you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spiritle*: But soft, who comes heere?

*Enter a Belman.*

*Bel.* Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to your Locks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night.

*Delia.* Monsieur Gentle-home, I preye parle one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to dis oull man.

*Frisco.* Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

*Bel.* Ho *Frisco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

*Delio.* What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

*Alua.* Signor *Frisco*?

*Frisco.* The same, the same: Harke yee honestly, mee thinks you might doe well to haue an *M.* vnder your Girdle, considering how Signor *Pisaro*, and this other Monsieur doe hold of mee.

*Bell.* Oh sir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

*Frisco.* Well, passing ouer superflucall talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

*Bell.* Why art thou druncke, Dost thou not know *Fanchursh-streets*?

*Frisco.* I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be ouerscene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maister and these Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be none of the wisest at this present: But I pray thee Good-man *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maisters House.

*Bel.* Why I will, I will, pish that you are so strange now adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honors change Manners.

*Frisco.* Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore: Come honest Fricads, will yee goe to our House?

G 2.

*Delia.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Delio.* Ouy monsieur Frisco.

*Alua.* Si signor Frisco.

*Enter Vandalle.*

*Vand.* Oh de skellam Frisco, ic weit neit waerd at ic be,  
ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my  
nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic  
now? Haw laet syen is dut neit croshe vrier, ya seker so ist  
and dit M. *Pisaro's* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic sall  
now haue de Wenshe *Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia*.

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, above.*

*Mari.* Who's there, Maister Harnie?

*Math.* Maister Walgrane?

*Laur.* Maister Heigham?

*Vand.* Ya my Louue, here be meester *Heigham* your  
groot frinde.

*Mari.* How, Maister *Heigham* my grot vrinde?

Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

*Lauren.* Peace you Mammet, let's see which it is; wee  
may chaunce teach him a strange tricke for his learning:  
*M. Heigham*, what wind driues you to our house so late?

*Vand.* Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tol v be so groot, dat  
het bring me out my bed voor you.

*Math.* Ha, ha, we know the Ass by his eares; it is the  
*Dutchman*: what shall we doe with him?

*Laure.* Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: *M.*  
*Heigham*, if you will stay awhile that I may se, if my Father  
be a sleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

*Vand.* Dat sal ick my Loue. Is dit no well counterfett  
I speake so like meester *Heigham* as tis possible.

*Laure.* Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber?  
(Lover I should say.)

*Math.* What shall wee doe with him?

Why crowne him with a ———

*Mari.* Fie Slutt: No, wele vse him clenlier; you know  
we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the iest proue  
currant,





*A Woman will haue her will*

currant, to make the *Dutchman* supply that want.

*Laur.* Nay, the foole wil cry out, & so wake my father.

*Mat.* Why, then wele cut the Rope & cast him downe.

*Laur.* And so iest out a hanging, let's rather draw him vp in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

*Mari.* In sadnesse, well aduise: Sister, doe you holde him in talke, and weele prouide it whilst.

*Laur.* Goe to then. *M. Heigham*, oh sweete *M. Heigham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

*Vand.* Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Louue.

*Laur.* Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

*Vand.* Sal ick climb vp tot you? sal ick fly vp tot you? sal ick, wat segdy?

*Mat.* Bid him doe it Sister, wee shall see his cunning.

*Laur.* Oh no, so you may catch a fal. There *M. Heigham*, Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

*Vand.* No, no; no word: Oh de seete Wenthe, Ick come, Ick come.

*Laur.* Are you ready maister *Heigham*?

*Vand.* Ia ick my sout Lady.

*Mari.* Merily then my Wenches.

*Laur.* How heauie the Ass is: Maister *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

*Vand.* Neit, neit, dare be no man.

*Laur.* Are you vp sir?

*Vand.* Neit, neit.

*Mari.* Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

*Vand.* My sout Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

*Mat.* When can you tell, what maister *Vandalle*,

*English-men for my monoy: or,*

A wether beaten soldier an old wench,  
Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girles:  
Ah sirra now wee le bragge with Mistres Moore,  
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,  
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is:  
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,  
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

*Vand.* Doe you moc que me seger seger,  
I sal seg your vader.

*Laur.* Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,  
Disquiet not my father; if you doe,  
He send you with a vengeance to the ground,  
Well we must confesse we trouble you,  
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,  
Much more a foole, theres a Cushon for you.

*Mar.* To bore you through the nose.

*Laur.* To lay your head on.

Couch in your Kennell sleape and fall to rest,  
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,  
A *Dutch-man* should be seene to carbe their will.

*Vand.* Hort ye Daughter, hort ye gods se ker kin? will  
ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you  
watt sal ick don, ick woud neit vor vn hundred pounce  
*Aluaro & Delion*, should see me ope dit maner, well wat sal  
ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenslies wil cut de rope  
and breake my necke; ick sal here bleauen til de morning,  
& dan ick sal cal to mester *Pisaro*, & make him shafe & shite  
his danctors: Oh de skellum *Frisco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Pisa.* He put the Light out, least I be espied,  
For closely I haue stolne me foorth a doares,  
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.  
Now (afore God) my heart is passing light,  
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:

Ha...







*A Woman will haue her will.*

Ha, ha, Maister *Vandalle*, many such nights  
Will swage your bigg swolne bulke, and make it lancke:  
When I was young; yet though my Haires be gray,  
I haue a Young mans spirit to the death,  
And can as nimble trip it with a Girle,  
As those which fold the spring-tide in their Beards:  
Lord how the verie thought of former times,  
Supples these neere dried limbes with actiuenesse:  
Well, thoughts are shaddowes, sooner lost then scene,  
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,  
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,  
Haue read to them morrall *Philosophie*,  
And they are full with it: Heere Ile stay,  
And tarry till my gallant youths come foorth.

*Enter Haruie, Walgrane, and Heigham.* (thou?

*Heigh.* You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art  
*Walg.* Heere afore.

*Haru.* Oh ware what loue is? *Ned* hath found the scents;  
And if the Connie chaunce to misse her Burrough,  
Shée's ouer-borne yfayth, she cannot stand it.

*Pisa.* I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.

*Heigh.* Come, why loyter wee? this is the Dore:  
But soft, heere's one asleepe.

*Walg.* Come, let mee feele:

Oh tis some Rogue or other; spurne him, spurne him.

*Haru.* Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lie. (house,

*Heigh.* Come backe, come backe, for wee are past the  
Yonder's *Matheas* Chamber with the light.

*Pisa.* Well fare a head, or I had been discride.

Gods mee, what make the Youngsters heere so late?

I am a Rouge, and spurne him: well lacke sauce,

The Rogue is waking yet, to marre your sport.

*Walg.* Matt, Mistris *Matheas*, where be these Girles?

*Enter*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Enter Mathea alone.*

*Math.* VVho's there below?

*Walg.* Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honest trusty *Ned*.

*Math.* No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,  
That Mounſieur moticoate that can diſſemble:  
Heare you *Frenchman*; packe to your Whores in *France*;  
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers ſide,  
And therefore ſhould be luſtfull, wanton, light,  
Yet goodman Goofecap, I will let you know,  
That I haue ſo much *Engliſh* by the Mother;  
That no bace ſlaueing *French* ſhall make me ſtoope:  
And ſo, fir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

*Walg.* What ſpeechleſſe, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

*Har.* The Wench hath ran him downe,  
He changes his head:

*Walg.* You *Dan-de-lion*, you that talke ſo well;  
Harke you a word or two good Miſtris *Mathea*;  
Did you appoynt your Friends to mee to heere,  
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *France*;  
A *Spaniſh* Iennet; and an *Engliſh* Mare,  
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch;  
VVith *Tran-dido*, *Dil-dido*, and I know not what?  
Heare you, if you'lle run away with *Ned*,  
And be content to take me as you find me,  
VVhy ſo law, I am yours: if otherwiſe,  
You'lle change your *Ned*, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull;  
VVhy then, *Madame Delion*, *Je vous laſſera a Die*, et la  
bon fortune.

*Math.* That voyce aſſures mee, that it is my Loue:  
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

*Walg.* Swounds who ſhould I be but *Ned*?

You make me ſweare.

*Enter above Marina.*

*Mari.* Who ſpeake you to? *Mathea* who's below?

*Har.* *Marina*.

*Mari.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Mari.* Young maister *Harvy*? for that voyce faith so.

*Enter Laurentia.*

*Alus.* Speake sister *Mart*, is not my true Loue there?

*Mash.* Ned is.

*Laur.* Not maister *Heighan*?

*Heigh.* *Laurentia*, heere.

*Laur.* Yfayth thou'rt welcome.

*Heigh.* Better cannot Fall.

*Mash.* Sweete, so art thou.

*Mari.* As much to mine.

*Laur.* Nay Gentles, welcome all.

*Pisa.* Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off  
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads.  
Reuell in that delight they should possesse:  
Good Girls, I promise you I like you well.

*Mari.* Say maister *Harvy*, saw you, as you came,  
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man;  
I meane that wanton-bale *Italian*,  
That *Spannish*-leather spruce companion:  
That anticke Ape frickt vp in fashio?  
Had the Assle come, I'd learne him, difference been  
Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him.

*Heigh.* How would you vse him. (sweete):  
If he should come?

*Mari.* Nay nothing (sweet) but only wash his crowne:  
Why the Assle wooes in such an amorous key,  
That he presumes no Wench should say him nay:  
Hee slaues not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,  
And sweares in fayth you shall, in fayth I will;  
That I am almost madd to bide his woeing.

*Heigh.* Looke what he said in word, Ile act in doing.

*Wal.* Leauethought of him, for day steales on apace,  
And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;  
All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

H

To

*English-men for my money: or,*

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;  
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,  
Then trusse vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:  
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,  
Weele make you mothers of fixe goodly Boyes.

*Heigh.* Promise them three good *Ned*, and say no more.

*Walg.* But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

*Pisa.* Theres a sound Carde at Maw, a lustie lad,  
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

*Heigh.* What say you sweetes, will you performe your  
wordes?

*Matt.* Loue to true loue, no lesser meede affordes?

Wee say we loue you, and that loues fayre breath

Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:

And that our loues, voves, wordes, may all proue true,

Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

*Walg.* This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,

If you twoply it but as well as I,

Weele worke our landes out of *Pisars* Daughters:

And cansell all our bondes in their great Belkies,

When the slaue knowes it, how the Røge will curse.

*Matt.* Sweete hart.

*Walg.* *Matt.*

*Mathe.* Where art thou.

*Pisa.* Here.

*Mathe.* Oh Iesus heres our father.

*Walg.* The Diuell he is.

*Har u.* Maister *Pisare*, twenty times God morrow.

*Pisa.* Good morrow! now I tell you Gentlemen,

You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,

What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:

And set mine owne bloud here against me too,

You huswifes? Baggages? or what is worse,

Wilfull, stoubborne, disobedient:

Vse it not Gentlemen, abuse me not,

New.







*A Woman will haue her will.*

Newgate hath rome, theres law enough in England,

*Heigh.* Be not so testie, heare what we can say.

*Pisa.* Will you be wiur'de? first learne to keepe a wife,  
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,  
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, else.

*Walg.* What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will  
you doe?

Haue you not Land in Morgage for your mony,  
Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,  
Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe;  
You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,  
We can complayne, extortion, simony,  
Newgate hath Rome, thers Law enough in England.

*Heigh.* Prethe haue done.

*Walg.* Prethy me no Prethies.

Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst.  
Hearst thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,  
Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,  
What you old craftie Fox you.

*Heigh.* Ned, stop there.

*Pisa.* Nay, nay speake out, beare witnesse Gentlemen,  
Whers *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,  
For here are some that meane to Rob thy maister.

*Enter Anthony.*

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce,  
Beware least for a Goose, I pray on you.

*Exeunt Pisa and Daughters.*

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

*Walg.* A vengeance on ill lucke,

*Antho.* What neuer storme,  
But bridle anger with wise gouernment.

*Heigh.* Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,  
H 2. Are

*English-men for my money: or,*

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

*Antho.* Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*  
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

*Wal.* Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth so late  
He lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,  
And we all vnuspitious, tearmde a Roage:  
Oh God, had I but kaowne him; if I had,  
I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword  
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,  
That he should nere haue liude to crosse vs more.

*Antho.* These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:  
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit  
Found out a more materiall stratagem:

Harke Maister *Walgraue*, yours craues quicke dispatch,  
About it straight, stay not to say farewell. *Exit Walgraue.*

You Maister *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,  
And stirre not foorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,  
Will in the morning early visit you;  
Build on my promise sir, and good night. *Exit Heigham.*

Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:  
Yf you remember, once I told a iest,  
How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine  
Possist the happy issue of his Loue:  
That counterfeited humor must you play;  
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,  
Vse maister *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this:  
But first, to make the matter seeme more true,  
Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night;  
I heare him at the Window, there he is.

*Enter Pisaro above.*

Now for a trick to ouerreach the Diuell.  
I tell you sir, you wrong my maister much,  
And then to make amends, you giue hard words:  
H'ath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:  
I promise you, tis most vngently done.

*Pisa.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* I, well said *Mouche*, now I see thy loue,  
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I liue.  
None but my Daughters sir, hangs for your tooth:  
I'de rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.

*Hart.* Maister *Pisaro*, heare a dead man speake,  
Who sings the wofull accents of his end.  
I doe confesse I loue; then let not loue  
Prooue the sad engine of my lines remooue:  
*Marina's* rich Possession was my blisse?  
Then in her losse, all ioy eclipsed is:

As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne;  
So from her Eyes, this life and being sprung:  
But now debard of those cleare shyning Rayes,  
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes:  
Each word thou spakst, (oh speake not so againe)  
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen;  
Which as it flue mixt with Heaucns ayerie breath,  
Summond the dreadfull Selsions of my death:  
I leaue thee to thy wish, and may th'euent  
Prooue equall to thy hope and hearts content.  
*Marina* to that hap, that happiest is,  
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.  
Haue I done well?

*Exit Hartie.*

*Antho.* Excellent well in troth.

*Pisar.* I, goe; I, goe: your words moue me as much,  
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre.  
But soft, What Light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis  
*Aluaro* & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*

*Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Delion, & Aluaro.*

*Frisco.* Where are we now gaffer *Buttericke*? (with

*Bell.* Why know you not *Croched-friers*, where be your

*Aluar.* Wat be tis *Cresh-viers*? vidite padre dare; tacke  
you dat, me sal troble you no farre.

*Bell.* I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:  
Good night *Frisco*.

*Exit Belman.*

*Frisco.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Frisco.* Farewell *Buttericke*, what a Clowne it is:  
Come on my maisters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

*Antho.* Who's there, our three wise Woers,  
Blockhead our man? had he not been,  
They might haue hanged them-selues,  
For any Wenches they had hit vpon:  
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

*Delio.* Monsieur de *Mowche*, wat make you out de  
Houis so late?

*Enter Pisaro below.*

*Pisa.* What, what, young men & sluggards? fy for shame  
You trifle time at home about vaine toyes,  
Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:  
I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen  
Had wel-ny mated you, and mee, and all;  
The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,  
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:  
And gone forsooth they had been, had not I  
(I thinke by reuelation) stopt their flight:  
But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them.  
But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for?  
VVhose Cloake haue you got there?  
How now, where's *Vandalle*?

*Frisco.* For-sooth he is not heere:  
Maister *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

*Pisaro.* VVhy lozerhead, him I sent for, where is he?  
VVhere hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?  
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

*Frisco.* I M. *Mendall*; why forsooth I was at his Cham-  
ber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very  
hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no sooner had it,  
but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand,  
and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

*Pisa.* VVhy then you turnd together, Affe.

*Frisco.* No sir, we neuer saw one another since.

*Pisa.*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

*Fris.* No for-sooth we turnd both on the left hand.

*Pisa.* Hoyda, why yet you went both together.

*Fris.* Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

*Pisa.* VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Assc,  
On which hand turnd yee?

*Fris.* Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-sooth, it was so darke  
I could not see, on which hand we turnd: But I am sure we  
turnd one way.

*Pisa.* VVas euer creature plagud with such a Dolt?  
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath lost himselfe;  
And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne;  
Or meete with some strange Watch that knowes him not;  
And all by such an arrant Assc as this.

*Anth.* No, no, you may soone smel the *Dutchmans* lodg-  
Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder? (ing:

*Pisa.* VVhere?

*Fris.* Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoc.

*Pisa.* Deace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there?  
Goe looke about the House; where are our weapons?  
VVhat might this meane?

*Fris.* Looke, looke, looke, there's one in it, he peeps out:  
Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Nose.

*Pisa.* VVhat, wouldst thou breake my VVindowes  
with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you sir?

*Fris.* Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's M. *Mend-*  
*all*, it's M. *Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

*Pisa.* What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to passe?

*Alua.* Signor *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenshe in de  
Basket?

*Vand.* Oh *Vadere*, *Vadere*, here be sush cruell Dochter-  
kens, ick ben also wery, also wery, also cold; for be in dit  
little Basket: Ic prey helpe dene.

*Fris.* He lookes like the signe of the Mouth without  
Bishops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head,  
and

*English-men for my money: or,*

and no Body.

*Pisa.* Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants  
Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging  
Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Adahomets* Sepulchre?

*Antho.* They did vnkindly, who so ere they were,  
That plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,  
To touch his Lippes like the desired Fruite,  
And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

*Alua.* A little farder signor *Vandalle*, and dan you may  
put v hedd into de windo and cash de Wensch.

*Vand.* Ick prey Vader dat you helpe de mee, Ick prey.  
Goddie Vader.

*Pisa.* Helpe you, but how?

*Frisc.* Cut the Rope.

*Antho.* Sir, lke goe in and see,  
And if I can, lke let him downe to you. *Exit Anthony.*

*Pisa.* Doe gentle *Mouche*: Why but here's a iest;  
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:  
If you should fall; as how youle doe I know not,  
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne:  
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Mouche*?

*Enter Anthony aboue.*

*Antho.* Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay  
till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

*Frisc.* Cut him downe maister *Morse*, cut him downe  
And let's see, how hele tumble.

*Pisa.* Why sauce, who ask'd your counsaile?  
Let him downe.

What, with a Cushion too? why you prouided  
To lead your life as did *Diogines*,  
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

*Vanda.* Ick sall seg v Vader, Ick quame here to your  
Huise and spreake tol de Dochterken. •

*Frisc.* M<sup>r</sup> *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:  
*Isinella Ratt*, it was not for nothing, that you lost me.

*Vand.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*And.* Oh skellum, you run away from me.

*Pisa.* I thought so sirra, you gaue him the slip.

*Frisco.* Faw, no for-sooth; Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you should haue turnd downe on your left hand and so haue gone right forward, and so turnd vp againe, and so haue crost the streete; and you like an Ass.

*Pisa.* Why how now Rascall; is your manners such? You asse, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill, Your way had been to come through Canning streete.

*Frisco.* Why so I did sir.

*Pisa.* Why thou seest yee were in Corn-Hill.

*Frisco.* Indeed sir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maister Mendall drunke, and I sleepey, that we could not tell very well, which way we went.

*Pisa.* Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:  
But Gentlemen, sith things haue faulne out so,  
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,  
This night accept your Lodgings in my house,  
And in the morning forward with your marriage,  
Come on my somers; sirra fetch vp more wood.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the three Sisters.*

*Laur.* Nay neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,  
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

*Mari.* Would it not madde one to be crost as I,  
Being in the very hight of my desire?

The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,

Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Harnies* armes

Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,

And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

*Math.* Weepe who that list for me, y sayth not I,

Though I am youngest yet my stomack's great:

Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,

Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:

I.

He

*English-men for my monoy: or,*

Ile haue my will ynfayth, y'fayth I will.

*Laur.* Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,  
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,  
And therefore something must be thought vpon.

*Mari.* Weele to our father and so know his minde,  
I and his reason too, we are no fooles,  
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

*Laur.* Agreede, agreede: but who shall speake for all?

*Math.* I will.

*Mari.* No I.

*Laur.* Thou wilt not speake for crying.

*Mari.* Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,  
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,  
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

*Enter Anthony.*

*All.* Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maister?  
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

*Antho.* What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,  
Say, where were you going?

*Laur.* Euen to our father,  
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

*Antho.* Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd  
To marry you to.

*Mari.* The Strangers.

*Antho.* Yfayth he is.

*Math.* Yfayth he shall not.

*Frenchman,* be sure weele plucke a Crow together,  
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.

*Mari.* Come to our Father speach this comfort finds,  
That we may scould out grieft, and ease our mindes.

*Anth.* Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,  
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:  
The Dore is lockt, your Father keeps the Keye,  
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:  
Yet haue I plotted, and deuised a drift,







*A Woman will haue her will.*

To frustrate your intended mariages,  
And giue you full possession of your ioyes:  
*Laurentia*, ere the mornings light appeare,  
You must play *Anthony* in my disguise.

*Math.* } *Anthony*, what of vs? What shall we weare?

*Mari.* }

*Anth.* Soft, soft, you are too forward Girles, I sweare,  
For you some other drift deuild must bee?  
One shaddow for a substance: this is shee.  
Nay weepe not sweetes, repose vpon my care,  
For all alike, or good or bad shall share:  
You will haue *Harnie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*,  
You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead:  
For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,  
Then once restraine a Woman of her will.

*All.* Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire?

*Anth.* Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:  
To helpe my Countymen I cast about,  
For Strangers loues blase fresh, but soone burne out:  
Sweetereft dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,  
These eyes shall wake to make your rest secure:  
For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,  
Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes:  
Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it still,  
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro and Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire?  
Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe:  
For Bakmeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:  
There's Geese too, now I remember mee;  
Bid *Mardlin* lay the Giblets in Past,  
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.  
Stay *Frisco*, see who ringes: looke to the Dore,  
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,  
Ile keepe them whilst I haue them: *Frisco*, who is it?

*Frisco.* She is come ynfayth.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Pisa.* Who is come?

*Frisco.* Mistress *Susanna*, Mistress *Moore*s daughter.

*Pisa.* Mistress *Susan*, Ah? Oh she must come in.

*Frisco.* Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:  
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

*Enter Walgrane in Womans attire.*

*Pisa.* Welcome Mistress *Susan*, welcome;  
I little thought you would haue come to night;  
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:  
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer?  
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

*Walg.* She's better then she was, I thanke God for it,

*Pisa.* Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girle,  
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,  
Man hath infirmities, and such a Bride,  
Were able to change Age to hot desire:  
Harke you Sweet-heart,

To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,  
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

*Walg.* If sir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them.

*Pisa.* Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thanks,  
Such company as you my Daughters want,  
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:  
Is't not a merry life (thinkest thou) to wed,  
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

*Walg.* I know not what you meane sir.  
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

*Pisa.* You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;  
I tell thee Mouse, I knew a Wench as nice:  
Well, shee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife,  
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,  
Vntill (well, that time is gon and past away)  
But why speake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,  
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;

And





*A Woman will have her will.*

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares :  
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;

*Walg.* Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,  
Ide breake his Costard.

*Pisa.* Young men are slippery, fickle, wauering;  
Constant abiding graceth none but Age :  
Then Maydes should now waxe wife, and doe so,  
As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,  
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:  
An auncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron:  
And is not that an Honour, how say you? how say you?

*Walg.* Yes forsooth.  
(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

*Pisa.* You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,  
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,  
Wife stayednesse, Experient gouernment,  
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,  
And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

*Walg.* I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,  
And scratch out his eyes :  
For as long as he can see me, hele here let me goe.

*Pisa.* But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,  
The latenesse now, makes all our talke seeme long.

*Enter Anthony.*

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed?

*Anth.* *Mathea* (and it like you) faine would sleepe,  
but onely tarricth for her bed-fellow.

*Pisa.* Ha, you say well: come, light her to her Chamber,  
Good rest with I to thee, with so to mee,

Then *Susan* and *Pisaro* shall agree:  
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,  
Such may be yours; take counsaile of your Pillow:  
To morrow wee le talke more; and so good night,  
Thinke what is sayd, may bee, if all hit right.

*Engliſh-men for my money: or,*

*Walg.* What, haue I paſt the Pikes: knowes he not *Ned*?  
I thinke I haue deſeru'd his Daughters bed.

*Anth.* Tis well, tis well: but this let me requeſt,  
You keepe vnknowne, till you belaide to reſt:  
And then a good hand ſpeed you.

*Walg.* Tut, nere feare mee,  
We two abed ſhall neuer diſagree. *Exeunt Antho. & Walg.*

*Frifc.* I haue ſtood ſtill all this while, and could not ſpeake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young Miſtris: Maſter, follow my counſaile; then ſend for M. *Heigham* to helpe him, for Ile lay my Cappeto two Pence, that hee will be aſleepe to morrow at night, when he ſhould goe to bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor, for there le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee muſt ſlaue all the Wenches in the houſe at parting, or he is no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our Houſe, yet in that ſmall time, hee hath lickt more Greafe from our *Mandlin* ſlippes, then would haue ſeru'd *London* Kitchin-ſtuffe this twelue month. Yet for my money, well fare the *Frenchman*, Oh hee is a forward Lad, for heele no ſooner come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why heele read his Leſſon ſo often in the day time, that at night like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to ſell his old Booke to buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that our Houſe will bring forth: why euey Bedd will haue a proper ſpeech to himſelfe, and haue the Founders name written vpon it in faire Cappitall letters, *Heere lay*, and ſo forth.

*Piſa.* Youle be a villaine ſtill: Looke who's at dore?

*Frifc.* Nay by the Maſſe, you are M. Porter, for Ile be hang'd if you looſe that office, hauing ſo pretty a morſell vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the beſt Noſe at ſmelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede, you may happes picke vp Wormes ſo long, that at length  
ſome







*A Woman will haue her will.*

some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Assle am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodgings are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* The day is broke, *Mathea* and young *Ned*, By this time, are so surely linckt together, That none in *London* can forbid the Banes. *Laurentia* she is neere provided for: So that if *Haruies* pollicie but hold, Elce-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wiues: But heere they come.

*Enter Pisa and Browne.*

*Pisa.* Six a clocke say you; trust mee, forward dayes: Harke you *Mowbe*, hie you to Church, Bid *M. Bemford* be in readinesse: Where goe you, that way?

*Anth.* For my Cloake, sir.

*Pisa.* O! tis well: and *M. Browne*, Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse, Is it to mee your businesse?

*Browne.* Euen to your selfe:

I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

*Pisa.* And welcome newes, More welcome makes the bringer: Speake, speake, good *M. Browne*, I long to heare them.

*Brow.* Then this it is. Young *Haruie* late last night, Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging, From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes: Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends Affirme his health is vnreouerable: Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgrau* lately left him, And I came hither to informe you of it.

*Pisa.* Young *M. Haruie* sicke; now afore God The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die, His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

For

*English-men for my money: or,*

For not these three months doth the Bond beare date:  
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it;  
Oh my sweete Lands, loose thee, nay loose my life:  
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,  
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,  
When the Law giues but ten: But should he liue,  
Hee carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,  
Then had the Lands been mine *Pisaro's* owne,  
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Possession.  
*Brom.* Nay heare mee out.

*Pisa.* You'r out too much already,  
Vnlesse you giue him life, and mee his Land.

*Brom.* Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,  
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman  
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,  
Vnto your beautilous Daughter faire *Marina*.

*Pisa.* Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,  
A good thing cannot be too often spoken:  
*Marina* say you, are you sure twas shee,  
Or *Mary*, *Margery*, or some other Mayde?

*Brom.* To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*,  
And for the gift might be more forcible,  
Your neighbour maister *Moore* aduised vs,  
(Who is a witnesse of young *Harnies* Will)  
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your house:  
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,  
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

*Pisa.* What welcome sir; as welcome as new life  
Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner:  
Returne (good maister *Browne*) assure their welcome,  
Say it, nay sweare it; for they'r welcome truly:  
For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold:  
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are:  
*Frisco*, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise:  
Where's *Mowche*; what, is he gon or no?

*Enter*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Enter Laurentian and Anthonies attire.*

Oh heare you sicke, bring along with you  
Maister *Balsaro* the Spanish Marchant.

*Laur.* Many *Balsaros* I; Ile to my Loue:  
And thanks to *Anthony* for this escape.

*Pisa.* Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,  
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer,  
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

*Enter Harrie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne,  
Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.  
Looke chearely sir, you'r welcome to my house.  
Harke *M. Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,  
Seeme to be sad as grieuing for his sicknesse;  
But inwardly reioyce. Maister *Vandalle*,  
Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delion*,  
Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:  
Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)  
You shall recouer and doe well enough:  
(Yf I should thinke so, I should hange my selfe.)

*Frisco*, goe bid *Marina* come to mee. *Exit Frisco.*

You are a Witnesse sir, of this mans Will:  
What thinke you *M. Moore*, what say you to't?

*Moore.* Maister *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice:  
You see the Gentleman cannot escape,  
Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughters;  
So during life time, she shall hold his Land,  
When now (being nor kith nor kin to him)  
For all the deed of Gift, that he hath seald,  
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

*Pisa.* Marry my Daughter: no birlady.  
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsaile mee,  
Seeing young *M. Harrie* is so sicke,

K.

To

*English-men for my money: or,*

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.  
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine:  
Marry and hee recover; no my Sonne,  
I will not loose thy loue, for all his Land.

*Alua.* Here you padre, do no lose his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauer; let him haue de marette *Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attende vne day more: if he will no die, I sal giue him sush a Drincke, sush a Potion sal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

*Pisa.* *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,  
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Jewels, Daughter too:  
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,  
worthy to be *Aluaro*s bedfellow:  
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,  
Ile straight about it: Heare you Maister *Moore*.

*Enter Marina and Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Nay sayth hee's sicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no remedy but euen to put your selfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath past his growth, young *Harnie* will be in case to come vpon it with a life of fresh force.

*Mari.* Is my Loue come, & sicke? I, now thou louest me,  
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,  
Ile driue away that Sicknesse with a kisse:  
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

*Pisa.* It shall be so: come hither Daughter.  
Maister *Harnie*, that you may see my loue  
Comes from a single heart vnfaynedly,  
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:  
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,  
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

*Harn.* Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,  
My soule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then







*A Woman will haue her will.*

Then this vaine transitorie world can yeeld :  
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?  
For this is but Deaths modell in mans shape:  
You and *Aluaro* happie liue togeather :  
Happy were I, to see you liue togeather.

*Pisa.* Come sir, I trust you shall doe well againe:  
Heere, heere, it must be so; God giue you ioy,  
And blesse you (not a day to liue togeather.)

*Vand.* Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your  
Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your selue?

*Alua.* No, no; tush you be de foole, here be dat sal spoyle  
de mariage of hem : you haue deceue me of de fine Wensh  
signor *Haruey*, but I sal deceue you of demush Land.

*Haru.* Are all things sure Father, is all dispatch'd?

*Pisa.* What intrest we haue, we yeeld it you :  
Are you now satisfied, or restes there ought?

*Haru.* Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thanks:  
Thanks to your selfe first, that disdayning mee,  
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.  
But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,  
To courteous gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,  
That rather then to see me die for lone,  
For very loue, would loose his beawtious Loue.

*Vand.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Delu.* Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly sal make  
hem dy, autremant you sal lose de fine Wensh.

*Alua.* *Oyime che hauesse allhora appressata la mano al mio  
core, ô suen curato ate, l che longo sei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.*

*Pisa.* Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames  
Make that seeme true, which most my soule did feare?

*Haru.* Nay sayth Father, it's very certaine true,  
I am as well as any man on earth :  
Am I sicke sitres? Looke here, is *Harue* sicke?

*Pisa.* What shall I doe? What shall I say?  
Did not you counsaile mee to wed my Childe?

*English-men for my money: or,*

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

*Harr.* I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,  
And *don Alvaro* haue more company.

*Enter Anthoie.*

*Antho.* Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,  
And euery thing sorts to his wish'd effect:

*Harrie* ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,  
Thinking all sure, laughs at *Alvaros* hap;  
But quickly I shall marre that merrie vaine,  
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

*Pisa.* Sirra *Mowche*, what answere brought you backe?  
Will maister *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

*Anth.* Maister *Balsaro*, I know not who you meane.

*Pisa.* Know you not *Asse*, did I not send thee for him?  
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parson?  
What answere made hee, will hee come or no?

*Anth.* Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not mee,  
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:  
I am glad to see your Worship is so merrie. *Knocke.*

*Pisa.* Hence you forgetfull dolt:  
Looke downe who knockes? *Exit Antho.*

*Enter Friseo.*

*Frise.* Oh Maister, hange your selfe: nay neuer stay for  
a Sessions: Maister *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the  
people to pray for you; for your Bride shee is gone: *Lauren-  
tina* is run away.

*Vanda.* Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse  
*Laurentia* gaen awech?

*Pisa.* First tell mee that I am a liuelesse coarse;  
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,  
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

*Mari.* Maister *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?  
What, hang the head? fie man for shame I say,  
Looke not so heauie on your marriage day.

*Harr.*





*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Harn.* Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly spide,  
That is a Bridegroom, and yet wants his Bride.

*Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balsaro, & Anthony.*

*Bals.* Maister *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:  
According sir, as you requested mee,  
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,  
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:  
And sir, I did expect your comming thither;  
Yet in your absence, wee perform'd the rites:  
Therefore I pray sir, bid God giue them ioy.

*Heigh.* He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife;  
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed,  
Presuming also, that you'le bid her welcome,  
Are cometo beare them company to Church.

*Harn.* You come too late, the Mariage rites are done:  
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.  
How say you sirs, did not I tell you true,  
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

*Laur.* I cannot say for these; but on my life,  
This loues a Cushion better then a Wife.

*Mall.* And reason too, that Cushion fell out right,  
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

*Bals.* Maister *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus?

*Pisa.* Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth mee.  
Pray sir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower?

*Bals.* Who sir, your man sir, *Mowche*; here he is.

*Anth.* Who I sir, meane you mee? you are a iesting man.

*Pisa.* Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,  
Worser then *Anthony* whom I kept last:

Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,  
And make you sing at *Bride-well* for this trickie:  
For well he hath deserued it, that would sweare  
He went not soorth a doores at my appoyntment.

*Anth.* So sweare I still, I went not soorth to day.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Bulf.* Why arrantlyer, wert thou not with mee?

*Pisa.* How say you maister *Browne*, went he not forth?

*Brow.* Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.

*Pisa.* What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?

*Laur.* My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me,  
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:

And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,

Effected to possesse this Gentleman:

Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.

*Pisa.* This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you  
*M. Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let  
*Mowche* put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutch-*  
*man*: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,  
When thinges are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.

*Pisa.* Talké of Patience? Ile not beare these wronges:  
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,  
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one sure.

*Moor.* Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?

*Pisa.* Whom should I meane sir, but your Daughter?

*Moor.* You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,  
When did you see her, that you speake of her?

*Pisa.* I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.

*Moor.* You are deceiu'd, my Daughter lay not heere,  
But watch'd with her sickemother all last night.

*Pisa.* I am glad you are so pleasant *M. Moore*,

You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:

What man, t'was late before she went to bed,

And therefore time enough to rise againe.

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, doe you floute your friends;  
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,

I should haue had it in my dish ere now:

*Susan* lie heere? 'am sure when I came forth,

I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;

Tis more then neighbour-hood to vse me thus.

*Pisa.*







*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,  
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,  
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canaust with her;  
And yet she lay not heere? What say you sirra?

*Antho.* She did, she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

*Moor.* I say he lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

*Antho.* Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

*Pisa.* Oh how this frets mee: *Frisko*, what say you?

*Frisc.* What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere,  
there was a familiar in her likenesse, for I am sure my Mai-  
ster and she were so familiar together, that he had almost  
shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench  
beleue he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I re-  
member mee shee did not lye heere; and the reason is, be-  
cause shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistris  
*Mathea*; witnesse whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale,  
and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Doe so *Frisko*. Gentlemen and Friends,  
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.  
Lay shee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise,  
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisc.* Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

*Enter Mathea, and Walgrane in Womans attire.*

*Walg.* Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.  
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:  
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I,  
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.  
Know you her *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.  
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your blessing,  
For I haue blest you with a goodly Sonne;  
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

*Pisa.* I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;  
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke:  
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

*Moorc.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, tis in vaine to fret,  
And fume, and storme, it little now auayles:  
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,  
Outstript you in your subtile enterprises:  
And therefore, seeing they are well descended,  
Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues.

*Pisa.* Is it euen so; why then I see that still,  
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will.  
Gentlemen, you haue outreacht mee now,  
Which nere before you, any yet could doe:  
You, that I thought should be my Sonnes indeed,  
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed:  
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine;  
And yet belecue mee, they haue tooke some paine.  
Well, take them, there; and with them, God giue ioy.  
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,  
That you will Feaste with mee, for all this sorrow:  
Though you are wedded, yet the Feast's not made:  
Come let vs in, for all the stormes are past,  
And heapes of ioy will follow on as fast.

FINIS.













































